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# Saturday Review

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.—The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged. It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK

WE have no doubt that Lord and Lady Lee of Fareham, in buying and endowing Chequers Court as a residence for the Prime Minister, were actuated by the best intentions. Indeed, we think they have themselves stated that their object in placing a country house free of cost at the disposal of the Prime Minister, was to place him above the temptations that beset a poor man in a high position. We are afraid that their generosity will have precisely the opposite effect; indeed, we don't hesitate to say that this gift has been foolish and mischievous. Without any reference to Mr. Lloyd George, it must be obvious that heaping pecuniary emoluments upon the office of Premier is merely increasing the temptation for needy and unscrupulous demagogues to seize and hold that post at all costs. A splendid residence in Whitehall, a beautiful country house in Bucks, and a salary of £8,000 a year free of tax, are a dazzling combination of inducements. What would a man not do to possess them? What would he not say to keep them? It was the boast of the old type of statesmen that they served their country for nothing, and indeed lost by the job; but the days of Salisburys and Devonshires, of Palmerstons and Russells have passed.

The highest position of a subject in the British Empire ought not to be a great pecuniary prize. The temptation to purchase fixity of tenure by bribing the voters at the expense of the small propertied class is too great for average human nature. It is far more honest, as the Dean of St. Paul's has pointed out, for a candidate to give a man £5 for his vote than to promise the constituents to pay their doctors' and school bills out of somebody else's pocket. The same argument applies to the payment and the free passes for members of Parliament. If you make the position of an M.P. too lucrative, you create a strong obstacle in the way of an appeal to the electors on vital issues. Every Parliament in future will last its full five years, and the Government whips, who dole out their cheques and their free railway passes to members, will have a

power over their votes hitherto quite unknown in our political history. We should like to know at whose instigation or request the Government thrust upon the House of Commons this exemption from income-tax, and the free railway passes. Judging from the angry protests which have appeared in the newspapers, the suggestion did not come from the Tory wing of the Ministerialists. We doubt whether it came from the old-fashioned Liberals of the Asquith school; and we are driven therefore to conclude that it is a sop to the Labour members. If, however, Mr. Lloyd George thinks that this will secure him the Labour vote in the next election, he will, in our opinion, be rudely undeceived.

Who is to save the country from the tyranny of the trade unions? We indicated a week ago that a simple and sure method of recovering our personal liberty would be to repeal or amend the Trade Disputes Act. Will any Government or any party in the country have the courage to propose and carry the repeal of privileges which the trade unions have grossly abused? We are afraid not. Putting aside, therefore, the repeal of the Trade Disputes Act, what hope remains of escaping from this degrading subjection to a plebeian oligarchy—surely the greatest humiliation which can befall a free people? The only way seems to be an imitation of the Italian Fascisti movement. In Italy, after the war, the Communists proceeded with knives and revolvers to seize the factories, mills, and workshops throughout the country, and to proclaim a Bolshevik régime. But the Italians are not so tame and meek as the British people. The Italian upper-middle and middle classes armed themselves with revolvers and knives and, organising themselves as Fascisti, whatever that may mean, proceeded to drive the Communists out of the factories, workshops and mills, of which they held possession. No one squeals so loudly as the Communist when worsted with his own weapons; and the Red terrorists made the welkin ring with denunciations of the White terrorists, who have triumphed, being better fed and better educated than the Bolsheviks. Knives and bullets are not weapons which come handy



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to English politicians, and we trust they never will; but unless the British upper and middle-classes will organise themselves as seriously as the trade unionists have organised *themselves*, to put down with force if necessary the extremist wing of the trade unionist party, we shall have no domestic peace, and, losing our foreign trade, we shall sink into a third-rate power.

Our first article this week on the trade unions in America shows that they and the employers alike do not find it pays to "damn the public." The railway unions are extremely respectful of public opinion, and union men with exceptional wages have damaged their cause by silly extravagance and display. Courage in dealing with dangerous unionism has even made a man of no particular distinction or popularity Vice-President of the United States. Surely some leader in this country might take the hint, and make a position for himself by protesting against trade union tyranny over here. Everyone knows how it hampers business: but public men seem afraid to tackle it, though they would have abundant public support behind them.

As we anticipated, the coal strike has become a tame affair, with every indication of its coming to an end within the next few days. Once more the leaders of Labour find themselves at fault, both in strategy and in tactics. But what causes them most uneasiness is the knowledge that the men under them will not follow their leading. So often have they abused the power bestowed upon them by mob instinct and open ballot, that they cannot hope for further indulgence. In six months trade unionism has gone back further than its supporters care to think of.

The paper most favourable to Labour remarked some while since that the Triple Alliance had committed suicide, when it refused to join the miners at the start of their campaign. Now we observe that the executives of the Railwaymen and Transport Workers pass only wordy resolutions concerning the men suspended for refusing to handle imported coal. Also the Glasgow railwaymen and the Greenock dockers both in different ways repudiate the instructions of Mr. Cramp. It looks as if his reign would not last long. The disagreements in the world of trade unionism can no longer be concealed from a public which has been led to consider the lot as perfect brothers, not in the least like Cain and Abel.

We do not anticipate success for Lord Londonderry's scheme for coal mine amalgamation. The intention may be good, but details are lacking, and without these we cannot see where economies are to be effected. Trusts, combines, and rings are bad. They kill competition, and they are not in the public interest. True, trusts produce dividends, and occasionally, though very seldom, high wages; but both are provided by the public. We have already trusts in too many industries, and it may be necessary in the near future to review the conditions of such combinations. We want cheap coal, certainly, but we want good coal also. Where are the economies—for the public? Take as an instance of trust economies this. There was a time when we sent our clothes to Scotland's moors for cleaning and repair. The hoardings and advertisements exhort us still to do so; but, alas, the clothing they get from London is cleaned in London's suburbs, and the moors of Scotland and the air and water of the Highlands know our dusty garments no longer. There is a trust in cleaning-plant, and while great economy results to those who dye that they may live, no tithe of it reaches the possessor of the clothes. These, while they are supposed to be travelling North to the heather, go by motor lorry to the outskirts of our soot-laden metropolis.

Thus would a coal trust bring waste in administration and burdens to the public. Often we have emphasised the need of simplicity in any enterprise. Masters and men may think themselves ingenious in laying down how and when they shall work, what profit they

shall make, and in what manner it shall be made. All such are dreamers. Let them cast aside their shibboleths, and look fairly and squarely at the great world in which they play so small a part, and they will see one great underlying motive power, the effort and enterprise of the individual. To our mind, a trust has all the inherent weaknesses of nationalisation, without its safeguards for the public. But, as we say, Lord Londonderry provides no details for his scheme. He must convince his fellow-owners of the anticipated economies with facts and figures. In such proposals these are the determining factors.

In introducing the London County Council budget, Mr. Gatti regretted that in spite of increased assessments a further increase in the rates was necessary. The bulk of this represents education. Notwithstanding the princely pay of street sweepers and corporation employees, it is education which is breaking the back of the ratepayer. How much can it do in the face of the attitude of the trade unions? Within their ranks people become mere units, irrespective of technical, physical, or mental ability. Under their rules a man is without grade or qualifications. That he has served so long in any trade is no criterion of his knowledge or craft; so of what use is this huge expenditure? We are ready to admit that much of this is not the fault of the workers, who see growing before them a mass of complicated and marvellous machinery, capable of working after a touch of the hand.

We learn now that unemployed women are to be taught domestic economy. This shows the pass to which these faddists have brought us. There was a time when every woman knew how to cook, to make clothes, and make and keep a home comfortable and tidy. It appears now that professors are to be employed to teach her these things. If our education department would only take time to consider, they would realise that Oxford Street and the multiple shops to be found at every corner will beat them to a frazzle. Women have ceased to make clothes, because they can buy them so cheaply, and so showily, if flimsily, made. Rather than do as their grandmothers did, they are prepared to find the millions which go into the pockets of the drapers. Nor will they cook any longer, these women, for they can buy from shops food ready cooked or so nearly so, that a little warmth from a gas stove completes the operation. Thus they live, and thus they will continue to live in spite of Mr. Fisher.

The Anti-Dumping Bill raises interesting reflections. Take the first industry on the schedule, optical glass, which Dr. Murray moved the omission of. Was he not right in contending that German optical glass was successful, because it was well made and well advertised? Without it our scientists would be severely handicapped. They will be compelled to buy it whatever the price, while the public will have to put up with whatever British manufacturers care to produce. It is quite erroneous to think that this glass manufacture was subsidised by the German Government. The firm of Zeiss began with Zeiss, a working optician. He met a scientist and mathematician, Professor Abbe, who introduced predetermination by mathematical formula in lens manufacture. One of his students, Dr. Schott, was induced to carry out research work in the preparation of glass, but their joint funds not being sufficient to complete their promising experiments, they borrowed a small sum in Berlin, completed their work and started what are now the largest optical glass works in the world, still named after Dr. Schott. The Zeiss business associated with it is neither a private or public company, nor a State-aided industry, the entire concern being left by its founders to the workmen employed. It is therefore entirely co-operative. The management are elected by the principal employees, and so highly paid are the scientific members of the executive, that no firm has been able to tempt them to leave Jena. This work was carried on in the teeth of the strongest competition, both from France and England.



An Irish correspondent writes:—

"Murder follows murder here and the 'Brave Army of the Republic' has now turned assassin guns against women. It is hard to imagine anything more horrible than the assassination of Dist. Inspector Biggs and Miss Barrington. The Sinn Feiners continued to fire at Miss Barrington and her woman companion long after the Inspector was dead, and to the dying women's plea for assistance they had nothing more to say than, 'It serves you right.' Next followed the murder of Mrs. Blake, the young wife of Dist. Inspector Blake, who with two young Lancer officers was done to death when returning from a tennis party. The circumstances in this case again leave in no doubt the charge against Sinn Fein of calculated murder of an innocent woman.

One finds it hard to appreciate the attitude of people at home who can see in such bloody ruffianism as this no more than 'a nation bravely fighting for freedom,' and in whom the only spark of indignation aroused is directed not against the assassins who practise it, but against Crown servants and the measures they take to protect themselves, and to stamp out such savagery. The latest to attack the Crown forces is Lady Bonham Carter, after a few days in Ireland, spent in collecting from Sinn Fein sources such stuff as they chose to give her. The attitude would be more gracious in one who was not an Asquith. For Mr. Asquith, by allowing the Arms Act to lapse, was the very *fons et origo* of Sinn Fein's present murder campaign. He virtually put a gun into the hands of every ruffian, whole-witted and half-witted, in Ireland. The Rebellion of 1916 was the first outcome of his act, a rebellion which was forecasted to his henchman, Mr. Birrell, in police reports from all over Ireland. Upon one at least of these Mr. Birrell wrote with his own hand the word 'Rubbish.'

The dole is a perpetual source of fraud, and humbugs whom everybody knows about continue to draw it. The Ministry of Labour should really exercise more discretion, and secure a little local knowledge. Recently Isadore Gluckstein, of the Mile End Road, obtained 14s. 6d. from the Ministry, but also, we are glad to see, a little work in the shape of 14 days with hard labour from the magistrate of the Thames Police Court. Of course, he said that he was out of work, when he was earning £3 a week. The magistrate had no sympathy to offer. We do not see why any should be expected for a mean fraud; but the stupid sentimentalist of to-day is capable of admiring anything from a murderer to a prostitute.

The earnest appeal for official economy issued last week by British bankers comes as a timely warning to people and politicians. It indicates what we all know, that Government interference has crippled our industries and commerce, and demoralised those on whom both depend. The danger is that political profligates may ruin us altogether. We know all that too well, but are bankers altogether blameless? While private financial houses all sat tight, joint-stock banks paid over their deposits with a liberal hand to the Government; so to all intents and purposes it was a supply to the thriftless by the thrifty. Now when those tax-worn thrifty are in need of funds to finance their enterprises, it is collateral security and  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 per cent, over Bank Rate all the way.

Haeckel once declared that the English character was due to roast beef. If so, under present conditions, it is likely to change, for no one except a few of the obviously rich will be able to buy good meat at all. The retail prices charged to-day are scandalously high, though it is admitted that there is a glut of meat, home-killed, chilled, and frozen. The wholesale and retail people blame each other, and the public has to pay absurd sums. We hope it will cease to pay them, and teach greedy tradesmen a lesson. As for the people of moderate means, who have no union to back them and are hideously overtaxed, they run a grave

risk of being poisoned by inferior meat—after which, indeed, money is saved, because you can't eat anything. The subject, after all, is as important as the destination of Sir William Orpen's 'Chef,' on which we have read columns of repeated rumours.

We are all getting tired of the various defences and criticisms of military and naval strategy with which we have been recently deluged, and we are not likely to welcome a newspaper discussion on the technique of warship design. It is doubtless interesting to contrast the effective value of bulges as opposed to beam in the case of torpedo-holed battleships; but we do not wish these things to become the subjects of partisan and political polemics. They are too important. It would appear that the Admiralty are carrying out their work without due consideration for the opinions of a few self-appointed critics. Sir John Biles is of opinion that our construction policy wants talking over. We do not think so. We hope that the Admiralty will keep their technical departments watertight, that they will employ the best brains available and keep them constantly refreshed by the infusion of new blood. Naval officers and naval architects who talk too much are suspect by their fellows. "Stress merchants" they are called at sea, which means theorists who fail to put their theories to successful use.

After reading the letter from Mr. Max Pemberton which we publish to-day, we turned to the booklet of the London School of Journalism and the prospectus of the Pelman Schools, Ltd. The first is designed, and well designed, to draw exorbitant fees from gullible youths and maidens; the second was intelligently planned to coax money from the pockets of those possessed of that commodity rather than of brains. Can Mr. Pemberton reconcile these two documents with his statements? Since when has his friend, Mr. Ennever, turned philanthropist? since he left the Pelman shareholders with the weakly Pelman child, already deserted by its natural, if Bavarian, parent? We may ask, Would our correspondent have welcomed as a boon such fees as we cited, when, as a youth, he started his career? We think not. And let us say, in all fairness to the rank and file of journalism, who are honourable, if unhappy in their circumstances, that we have no need of Messrs. Pemberton & Ennever's golden filter for their profession. We suspect Mr. Pemberton, like other heads of correspondence colleges, of nothing worse than misguided commercial enterprise. It is for his principal and co-philanthropist, Mr. Ennever, to address himself to the public whom—at a price—he once taught to remember, and to the unhappy holders of Pelman stock, whom doubtless he would gladly teach to forget.

The latest official joke in America is a new law against prohibition in New York. In a single month 2,000 arrests have been made in the city, but each defendant is entitled to be tried by a jury. The Court of General Sessions is already crowded up with unheard cases which have nothing to do with drink, and it must be years before the violators of the liquor law can be tried, and even then a jury may refuse to convict them. If arrests go on at the present rate, the defendants of twelve months hence may grow grey and die before they have a chance to prove their innocence. Governor Miller, who is responsible for the new legislation, seems to have missed his guess, if he means business.

An average of some 300 divorces are being tried by the Courts weekly—rushed through, rather, with a haste that suggests an interminable list to come. Actors and actresses, who are always playing with fire by feigning love on the stage, are well represented in these cases, but there are plenty of others of various classes, enough, indeed, to make the picture-papers happy. One result of this new freedom in dissolving marital relations is that society no longer views with disfavour the people who seek it. Indeed, there are so many of them that it would be difficult to do so.

## THE TRADE UNIONS IN AMERICA.

[BY AN AMERICAN.]

**A**SPECTS of the miners' strike in Great Britain serve to accentuate some of the intellectual differences of British and American unionised wage-earners. Unionism in the United States, however radical some of its elements, is, on the whole, more conservative than unionism in Great Britain, and far more respectful of public opinion. Incidentally, for reasons to be set forth later in this article, transport workers—"transportation" is our word—or at least an important group of them, if not more conservative, are more regardful of the public than mine workers, as apparently is true also of the transport workers in Great Britain. "The public be damned," a sentiment uttered almost casually by an American railway magnate about forty years ago, did more to injure the railways in popular esteem than many patent anti-social abuses in railway administration. The unionised railway workers have taken that lesson to heart, and when a professed spokesman for one of their branches uttered something like that fatal phrase, now nearly a year ago, the word was evidently passed round that the sentiment should not be echoed in chorus, for the general tone for the railway unions has since been extremely respectful of public opinion.

"Profiteering" by wage earners as employees of the Federal Government during the world war reacted unfavourably upon the unions, though some of the worst instances of the offence were furnished by unorganised workers. Again, the Brindell trial in New York, although it exposed shamefully criminal conduct upon the part of employers, greatly harmed unionism in public opinion, for it displayed to view the oppressive power of a leader receiving a huge salary from the unions, and conspiring with one group of employers to exclude competitors from the opportunity to work, while vastly increasing the cost of building operations at a time when the city was crowded almost to suffocation from lack of room to house its population. These incidents, together with the silly extravagance and display by a small part of highly paid wage-earners, the reduced efficiency of labour, and the discovery of the professional classes that they could do with comparative ease much of the work for which domestic servants and others were demanding wages beyond the means of former employers, have tended to injure the unions in public opinion. It must always be remembered also that unionism is far weaker in the United States than in Great Britain, because in vast rural areas of the former, and especially in tidal regions with the immensely free natural opportunities of the salt water open to all, cheap land establishes a "minimum" wage for which the worker owes no thanks either to unionism or to specific statutory regulation.

Union leaders, keenly watchful of public opinion, seem likely to seize the strategic position plainly open to them, to occupy, ahead of Judge Gary, and the Steel Trust, let us say, the long vacant place of friends to the consuming public. It is notorious that the Steel Trust, which by the mouth of its chief, has openly challenged unionised wage earners, increased its prices during the world war in far greater proportion than it increased the cost of labour in given units of its product. The unions, if wisely directed, may escape a sudden and sharp reduction in wages, by voluntarily abandoning those vexatious rules of employment that have tended to increase the cost of production by restricting output. A single instance of courage in dealing with a dangerous aspect of unionism has made a man of no very marked distinction, and of a personality the reverse of popular, Vice-President of the United States, and a President who had had extremely friendly relations with the head of the American Federation of Labour promptly congratulates the future Vice-President upon his act of courage. These incidents have not been lost upon the unions, and it is noteworthy that the railway brotherhoods, hitherto the most powerful organisations of the kind, perhaps in the whole

industrial world, American and European, now profess themselves ready to concede the abolition of anti-social "shop rules."

Miners in the United States are largely aliens, or the sons of aliens, and besides, the mining industry, as almost all industries with wage-earners recruited from the immigrants, has a painful history of low pay and evil working conditions. Hence the miners' unions have been radical, often violent, sometimes careless of public opinion. On the other hand, those branches of the transport unions whose members come in close contact with the travelling public have long enjoyed great power with comparatively few violent struggles for a living wage, and favourable working conditions. Upon local trains the whole country over, trainmen are in daily, familiar, and friendly relations with the travelling public, so that between the two there exists from Florida to the North-Western border, from Maine to Texas, a sort of democratic fellowship. Unionised workers are slow to declare themselves enemies of these well-earned friends, whose convenience and comfort they serve, for they know that the travelling public is usually sympathetic with the workers as against the railways, so long as the former do not wantonly injure the public in its relations with transport. The European traveller in the United States who wishes really to know the people should journey many miles by local trains. He would be astonished at the relations of the public and the trainmen, and not a little surprised, perhaps, at the intelligence, courtesy, and efficiency of the latter. Though railway travel in Great Britain is in many respects more comfortable than in the United States, most Americans who know both countries rate the American railway employee far above his British brother, not merely in general intelligence, but in self-directive efficiency, and especially in promptness, dispatch, and resourcefulness. In the South the relations of the railway workers and the public are a source of constant amusement to the Northern traveller, for it not infrequently happens that a train is held many minutes beyond its scheduled time of departure, because some leisurely lady has telephoned that she is on her way to the station. In the South, too, be it noted, many youths of gentle breeding enter the transport service, and bring to their contact with the public a suavity hardly found elsewhere in that relation. On board steamboats plying between Baltimore and ports on the Chesapeake and its tributaries, a man has the sense of having air cushions solicitously placed between him and the common discomforts of travel, so anxious are the officers and their negro subordinates to see that all goes well with the passengers.

The new administration at Washington will probably prove far less pliant to the enemies of "Labour," than the louder spokesmen of the unions profess to expect. Mr. Harding is a child of the democratic Middle West, and several members of his Cabinet are far from thick-and-thin friends of "big business." If Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover can manage to stay with their chief, the White House is likely to do all it can to avert the disaster threatened by the clash between employer and employed. The great danger is that the joint wisdom of both parties in Congress may be insufficient to contrive legislation such as shall hasten rather than delay a business revival before the coming of another winter. It is not impossible that the Democratic minority may find itself helping Mr. Harding against the aggressive majority of the Senate, when the administration finds itself embarrassed in domestic or foreign policies by Mr. Lodge and his friends. The Democrats have everything to gain, and little to lose by steadily insisting upon the paramount interests of the public in all quarrels between the great industries and their workmen. Meanwhile, continued and intensified industrial war, with its discontent, mutual hatred, and suspicion, and stupendous waste of time and material, threatens to reduce for years to come the efficiency of American production, and to exclude the country from its proper share in foreign commerce, and the remedy of high protection, as embodied in the absurd emergency tariff, is worse than the disease.



## THE TRAGI-COMEDY OF FIUME.

[BY A CORRESPONDENT.]

A GREAT many people had high hopes last November when Italy and Yugoslavia signed the Treaty of Rapallo. Now the world was going to hear no more of those interminable arguments about the Adriatic—it was laid down what each country was to have—and Fiume, which D'Annunzio loved to call his "holocaust city," was to be restored, at last, to orderly government and become a neutral State. The swashbuckler poet, to be sure, was disinclined to go. He refused to deal with Giolitti, even as he had rejected the advance of Nitti. But the aged Giolitti grasped the problem with more firmness, which was what one might expect from the statesman who, after his return to power, had leaned neither on the industrial magnates of Milan nor on their Bolshevik antagonists. Giolitti was resolved to put an end to the nuisance of D'Annunzio; in no constitutional State is there room for a prime minister and such a swashbuckler. The ultra-Nationalists of Italy, the *fascisti*, were furious when they perceived that the premier was in earnest, and that force would be employed against their idol. Unhappily it came to that—a good many Italians were slain by Italians, and eventually, when the town was taken by the royalist troops, the poet broke his oath that he would surely die; he announced that Italy was not worth dying for, and as he made his inglorious exit, he shouted to the world that he was still "alive and inexorable."

Thereupon the world in general turned its attention away from Fiume. It was presumed that those among her citizens who had been openly in arms against the other party would, as soon as possible, resign. In a few months the elections for the Constituent Assembly would be held, and in the meanwhile there would have to be a Provisional Government, made up, one imagined, of the more moderate elements. What happened was that the notorious Consiglio Nazionale Italiano, a self-elected and partisan body, which had been in existence before the advent of D'Annunzio, had welcomed him and worked with him, now stayed in office after his departure, under the self same President, Signor Grossich, and with the title of "Provisional Government." In Paris and London this name made a good deal more impression than upon the local Autonomists and Yugoslavs, who had been expelled in large numbers by D'Annunzio, and now discovered that the policy pursued towards them—many of them had been born in the place—was not very different. A decree was printed on January 21, 1921, in the *Vedetta*, which ordered that the expulsions made by the previous Government should remain in force, but that appeals might be addressed to the Rector of the Interior. A deputation was received by this gentleman, and was told that the procedure would be so complicated and lengthy that it would not permit anyone to return until after the elections. These elections had been fixed for the end of April, and it seemed as if the world was so blinded by the blessed words "Provisional Government" that it could see nothing else. That over 2,000 legionaries, clothed in mufti, had either stayed from the D'Annunzian era, or been since introduced, was surely gossip, and how could anyone believe that these men had been granted citizenship on the simple declaration of a Fiume shopkeeper or some such person that the applicant was working under him? These declarations, by the way, must have refrained from going into details, for there was an almost total lack of work—except in the political department of the police. Fiume was to all intents in the possession of Italy, but not particularly pleased. The town was like a dead place; shops were only open in the morning; and if the shopkeepers had not been compelled by the authorities to remove their shutters, they would have strolled down to the quays where the grass was growing—"but thank Heaven," cried Grossich, "thank Heaven, it is Italian grass!" Cut off from the Yugoslav hinterland, the population, which consisted more and more of legionaries and *fascisti*, had

nothing to do save to speculate in the rate of exchange (but not in the local notes, which no one wanted) and to prepare for the elections. Thus, with time very heavy on their hands, there was a great deal of corruption: cocaine could be obtained at nearly all the cafés.

What was likely to happen if the place was altogether in the hands of the Consiglio Nazionale was seen when the harbour of Barosh, given by the Rapallo Treaty to Yugoslavia, was demanded by the Italian Nationalists; when the *fascisti*, in Italy and in Fiume, saw that everything was going just as well for them as in the brave days of D'Annunzio, they persisted loudly in claiming Barosh as an integral part of Fiume. The Yugoslavs must be prevented, wherever possible, from approaching the Adriatic—this being the policy of the Italian capitalists. With Barosh, a port of limited possibilities, in the hands of the Yugoslavs, it would mean that the adjacent Fiume through its Yugoslav commerce would prosper; but anything that savoured of a Yugoslav Fiume was obnoxious to the capitalists and their followers, since they feared that in the first place, it would raise a grievous obstacle to their penetration of the Balkans, and secondly, it would involve the ruin of Trieste, where German capital still plays a predominant part. So in their folly they strenuously fought for the Germans. They refused to listen to the moderates, who pointed out that the possession of an odd town or island was to Italy of not so much importance as friendship with her neighbours. When, at the beginning of April, a large sailing-boat, the *Rad* (captain Vlaho Grubishitch) came into Barosh, the first ship to bring the Yugoslav flag to that port, there was intense commotion among the *fascisti*. Forty of them with weapons ran down to the harbour, but Grubishitch told them that he saw no reason why he should not fly the flag of his State. A number of workmen, Italians and Yugoslavs, then appeared and made common cause against the *fascisti*, so that the latter withdrew. And the captain of the Italian war-ship, *Carlo Mirabello*, sent to ask Grubishitch if he had removed the flag. On hearing that he had not done so, the captain said that he had acted perfectly correctly.

At last, on April 25, the elections were held. There were two parties, that of the C.N.I., swollen with legionaries and *fascisti*, who would have nothing to do with the Treaty of Rapallo—their programme consisted of annexation to Italy—and the other party, whose object was to carry out the provisions of the Treaty. Professor Zanella was its chief. There did not seem to be much hope that it would be successful, although it contained what was left of the Autonomists, who in 1919 were the most numerous party—desiring that the town should be neither Yugoslav nor Italian—and these Autonomists were now reinforced by the Yugoslavs. But so extensive had been the expulsions that many of the survivors feared it would be futile to vote, and on the other hand, the party in favour of annexation was quite confident that it would win. During the afternoon of the election day, however, they perceived that the impossible was happening, and that Zanella was marching to victory. "This was intolerable to those patriots," said their newspaper *La Nazione*, "because they remembered the two years of tenacity and of splendid Italian spirit and of suffering which the town had lived through." The *fascisti* seized a number of urns and made a bonfire of them, being led to this enterprise by Signor Gigante, D'Annunzio's obedient mayor, who rushed with them into the Palace of Justice. But these steps did not help the cause of the *fascisti*, any more than their screams that they had been betrayed. "Fiume or Death!" used to be the device dear to D'Annunzio. He placarded the long-suffering walls with it, and it was on the lapels of the coats of his adherents. Fiume must belong to Italy, or be blown up, cried the poet. But, strange to say, a majority of the inhabitants prefer that their town should continue to exist, and this it can only do, if in accordance with the Treaty of Rapallo it becomes a neutral on friendly terms with both its neighbours, Italy and Yugoslavia. The Italian

Government desires, of course, to execute its Treaty obligations, and if it finds too painful the task of moderating the ardours of its own super-patriots, it will no doubt be glad to have this done by an International force. That method, which was prevented by D'Annunzio's arrival in 1919, appears to be the only solution of the tragi-comedy of Fiume.

[We publish this article as exhibiting special knowledge, without pledging ourselves to the views expressed.—ED. S.R.]

#### THE ART OF LAZINESS.

**L**AZINESS in its highest form is seldom met with. It is a difficult art, the principles of which are little understood; and though its forms, as with hosiery, philanthropy, and parliamentary evasion, are largely swayed by fashion, the root of the matter is always the same. The essential thing about true laziness is that there should be some work to be done, at any rate in fancy, which is avoided or gracefully transferred to a more convenient season. This is the feature of idleness which gives it its true zest. A man who is always idle is not fitted to enjoy laziness; he lacks the background of serious work which is needed. Thus, when you retire home with the dilapidated bag which, like a black coat, is the sign of a good reviewer, it is advisable not only to include a novel, but also a scientific treatise, a history book, or a heavy classical tome. Persuade yourself that you intend to read the heavier and more useful work, and you will find that the pleasure of neglecting it enhances the charm of the novel. This is true laziness. The church bells sound quite agreeable on Sunday, when you are not going to church, and the Scot who went out with a gun, not to commit suicide, but to give himself an "awful fright," was doubtless working himself up to a proper state for dissipation. Charles Lamb, when he retired, said that, if he had a little son, he would christen him "Nothing to do." But the Greeks, who deified most things and had even a goddess Hadephagia, "Our Lady of the Square Meal," would not have been satisfied with any such youth as the patron god of laziness. That can only be really enjoyed by the busiest people, or those who imagine themselves to be so. Brilliant instances of this class were two men we knew at one of our universities, the main population of which are only called "the students" by our ignorant daily press. In order mutually to encourage their studies, they made a bet with one another: the man who did the more work in a week was to take the money. They got tabulated forms for filling in hours of work, and duly met at the end of the week to report progress. It was discovered that one of them had carried the day by three-quarters of an hour. The fact was that he had by accident entered a room where a lecture was in full swing, and had not had the courage to retire. He thus had three-quarters of an hour of what he called work to his credit, while his friend's record was a clear uninterrupted round of laziness.

The importance of this principle for the advance of a nation is obvious, and there is, of course, one pre-eminent pattern to be followed in this art—the British Workman. We propose in a volume entitled 'Nature's Noblemen by One who Knows Them,' or 'The Cultivation of Cobwebs by a Gentleman Without a Duster,' if we ever are lazy enough to write it, to show the pleasing trait in full vigour. In former years the plumber had—whether from the nature of his mystery or a splendid tradition—a higher reputation than other labourers for the procrastination and press of duties which are necessary for true idleness; but it is only fair to say that in those unintelligent days laziness had not been properly organised and guarded with due penalties for the folly of attention to business. "Most busy least, when I do it": that, we believe, is the reading of a disputed text in the 'Tempest,' which editors with a strange indifference to the psychology of the Working Man have often derided. To-day the ingenious shifts made by the world of workers to remain unemployed, the pampering of able-bodied paupers, the delightful abandon and verve

of the would-be-labourer, even when not supported by a brass band and a collecting box, are beyond praise, and as characteristic in their way as the absence of the collar-stud is of the Georgian poets of the last century. When a church tower was being repaired, we have seen some of these humorous creatures ascend to the top, throw off their caps, watch them falling downwards with a languid interest, and descend to fetch them up again—the whole process not usually occupying, with the delays due to dignity and a sense of nothing to do, not much more than half an hour. Could any method of amusement, could any *pastime* be more original and harmless? But these things are usually unappreciated. We knew a man who was universally regarded as an idle trifler; we always admired him for the reason that he did nothing, and did it very well. It is easy to do something, but to do nothing gracefully with a potential reserve of work and a sublime disregard for the vulgar test of solid output is a task requiring exceptional abilities, and perhaps some constitutional talent. Laziness is, unfortunately, not so general as it should be; but with the help of trade union regulations the strange spirit of persistent work is likely to be rooted out of any men who have a diseased fancy for it.

Laziness in its main sphere of usefulness, as the chief hope of our country's future, has been misunderstood. In literature, of course, it is a commonplace that the idler is the winner. Who wrote the best essays? Montaigne, a professed idler. Who was the dunce of a school of hard workers? Darwin, the greatest man of science in the nineteenth century. For men of letters who have been at one of our ancient universities the Importance of Not Taking a Degree can hardly be overestimated. Thackeray and Tennyson were at Cambridge, but they did not waste their time over academic honours. Shelley, one of the few poets of benighted Oxford, was so anxious to achieve the same result that he got himself deliberately expelled, and Burton, one of the most learned polyglots of his time, drove a four-in-hand over the flower-beds of his college in order to obviate what must have been high honours. A man may succeed who has taken an ordinary degree, though there are suspicions even attached to that.

But a First Class in honours is a useless luxury, a fatal hall-mark, a life's handicap. There are two classes of men, the idlers and the busybodies. The former, though they need no defence, have been defended once and for all by Stevenson, nor do the latter, serious and austere creatures, need any condemnation. We must surely side with the Greeks and the Brahmins, and admit none of these pragmatical busybodies into our ideal republic. Potter hates potter, politician hates advertiser, poet hates poet; but the lazy man has no rivals. His profession is free from the tooth of envy; he justifies the writers of moral maxims; he can be as happy as a drunken Helot, while they are doting over his art.

Let us then, while youth and vigour last, follow the admirable lead of the trade unions, get something to do, prevent anybody else from doing it, and get as little of it done as possible. Let us finally eliminate all those humbugs who pretend that they enjoy work, and want to do it steadily; let us pave Hell with the tiles recommended by Dr. Johnson. Let us realise that the chance of being supremely lazy in these days of

"So many worlds, so much to do," is unique. Above all, let us get "little done." The pursuit of idleness alone is worth cultivating with a bluish and indefatigable assiduity. The worker is a fraud: the shirker is the man to save the country.

#### MR. VACHELL TURNS DOWN THE LIGHTS.

**T**HE case of the London playgoer who at the present moment is seeking something higher than brainless pantomimes is really rather a hard one. At precisely six playhouses north and south of the Thames entertainments are being presented which a self-respecting playgoer may enjoy, but—"the rest is silence." And of these half-dozen theatres one is a



playhouse for the "working-class," while at another the company are French! Turn where he will elsewhere, the poor man will find—so far, at any rate, as the drama is concerned—little more than the airy hospitality of the Barmecide. Take the Garrick Theatre, for example, where Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell's new comedy in three acts, 'Count "X,"' is now being presented by Mr. Leon M. Lion. Many of us know and like Mr. Vachell's work, and owe to his books—even to more than one of his plays—many a pleasant hour. Mr. Lion, too, is a master of the art of stage-production, and, if there is anything to be got out of a comedy, it is perfectly certain that he will get it. Yet, if it were not for the acting, 'Count "X,"' would be really little more than a temporary cure for insomnia. The zeal of the dramatist is considerable. He argues and argues with irrepressible vivacity. Unfortunately, however, we find it impossible to place the smallest credence in the situation he sets before us, or to feel the least practical interest in his discussions. His story of the Russian Count who haunts Mr. Rossiter's flat in search for the formulae of a new and deadly poison which that gentleman has invented is altogether indigestible. Would any young husband suffer such a fellow to be in and out of his home at his pleasure, to convert its walls into the forms and colours of a nightmare, to turn his pretty wife's head with his obvious blather about "sideric and inter-stellar influences," and to address that lady by her baptismal name? Surely in real life such an intruder would speedily have met the fate of Brother Tadger, and his drab shorts would have "disappeared like a flash of lightning," long before the end of the first act. In the final scene we are offered a long spiritualistic séance, with the stage duly darkened and two luminous green eyes floating here and there. But even here the author does not let us believe in his processes, for at least two of the participants in the séance are allowed to punctuate it with remarks that evoke laughter. The curtain at last falls on the Count's dismissal, and on Mr. and Mrs. Rossiter left happy together in their dreadful-looking flat, with any number of issues, moral and material, still to be cleared up. The whole play, however, has been so unreal that no one will cavil at its also being incomplete.

Yet, as we have hinted, there is work here to admire and enjoy. Many a time and oft did Henry James adjure the present writer, when dealing with the theatre, to leave the actors alone and concentrate entirely on the intentions and processes of the dramatist. "Those hungry histrions, avid of adulation—pass them by!" he would exclaim; and, the more one protested and argued, the more resolutely would he uphold his austere standard. Yet what true playgoer could see this play of Mr. Vachell's and not pay his tribute to acting so delicate and true as that of Miss Moyna McGill in the part of the young wife? There is a critic at the present day who never wearies of expressing his anguish over the "popular and incompetent flappers" of the contemporary London stage. Miss McGill, at any rate, is not one of these. We have so far seen her in four parts, all different, and all exacting, and in each her art has been perfect. Of all the young London actresses of to-day she and Miss Saunders of the Old Vic. impress us emphatically as the most worth watching. Mr. Herbert Marshall, whom we gratefully recall as the best Jaques we have ever seen in 'As You Like It,' also does all that is possible for the thankless part of the husband; and Mr. Lion has, of course, no difficulty in making a vivid figure of the equally incredible Count. Miss Illington, too, is in the cast, though her chances only begin in the third act, in which, after having figured as the Count's most devoted disciple, she suddenly becomes a sceptic, and a duly diverting one, in the familiar Illingtonian way, all "nods and becks and wreathed smiles." And, if Miss Wallis Mills fails to make much of the part of Rossiter's sister, it is probably because more than once the young lady has to stand a long while saying and doing nothing—which is very trying for an actress, and shows poor technique on the part of the dramatist. Finally, as

the play leaves the spectator with little to think or talk about during the intervals, it is worth mentioning that the orchestra at this theatre is exceedingly good, and the incidental music well selected.

#### THE BRITISH MUSEUM: WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS.

WHEN the British Museum was founded in 1759, with Horace Walpole as a Sloane Trustee, English scholars felt that a new epoch was opening. The Sloane MSS., the Cottonian and Harleian MSS., Sloane's Natural History Collections, and the Old Royal Library set the institution beyond reach of rivalry as a storehouse of learning. The gift of the Thomason tracts by George III. and the incorporation of the Edwards bequest of printed books, in 1769, added greatly to the value of the collection in the very point in which, *teste* the distinguished scholar Pierre Jean Grosley, it was weakest. This was not, however, the point of view of the public at large, as may be gathered from a little-known folio, the earliest illustrated work on the Museum, published by subscription in 1778 and dedicated to the Right Honourable the Trustees of the British Museum by the authors, "John and Andrew Van Rymdsdyk, Pictors," of whom almost nothing besides appears to be known. The book was successful enough to be re-engraved in colour, and enlarged, under a new editor in 1791, with a flamboyant dedication to the Prince of Wales, whose coat of arms takes the place of the engraving of Montagu House on the original title page. Yet with all this stately array of patronage the contents invite one to pause and think. Here are no reproductions of priceless MSS., no hints of the history of printing, no light upon the history of ancient civilisations. Instead, we have for the most part a series of "curiosities" in the most literal and vulgar sense, an infallible touchstone to the taste of the public for whose behoof these illustrations were engraved. A tailor-bird's nest, a wasp's nest, a Roman weapon or two, a number of bird's eggs, rings, armlets, Druid and otherwise, fibulae, shells, some dice and tesserae, a few Roman lamps and paterae, three or four Egyptian antiquities, Governor Pitt's brilliant diamond and some other historic gems for comparison, and a humming bird or so positively exhaust what we may call the reputable part of the contents. And the rest! The authors' real enthusiasm, given in its original spelling, is reserved for such things as a curious *pearl* modelled by nature in the shape of a bunch of grapes; an incrustated skull and sword found in the Tiber; a monstrous hen's egg with a protuberance at the bottom; a hair ball found in an ox's stomach, from Jamaica; a flagello used in King Charles' time in the bloody Irish massacre; a bastinado used by the Turks, for beating the soles of the feet of criminals, or when they catch young men in their seraglios; and a *pugiunculus* or *stiletto*, described by Elizabethan gusto as "a small short dagger, a poinado or poinard." It would seem to be labour lost to spin spider's silk, yet we see it and its use upon Plate XI., where a piece of a garter of the woven silk from Mr. Le Bon at Montpellier is reproduced. This same Mr. Le Bon, naturalists of to-day with their absurd subdivisions of the tribe may be surprised to learn, reduces the silk spider to two kinds, "those with long Leggs, and those with short." A fitting companion to the spider-silk garter is the asbestos purse; but we miss a still greater curiosity, seen by the author "in the possession of a gentleman, a kind of philosopher, at Amsterdam," which might well have been acquired for the Museum, viz., "a tasty night-cap of asbestos, which when foul, he would throw it into the fire, and became better clean than if it had been washed with soap and water, as we do linen." But the Museum did possess "a grapholith, on which by the hand of Nature is depicted a beautiful landscape," consisting of trees round a lake, and an Egyptian pebble, on which is "a striking likeness of the head of Chaucer, father of the English poets, and is entirely by the pencil of Nature, without any assistance of art," still to be seen in the Natural History Museum. There he is, sure enough, hood, beard and

all, though the present writer cannot with the Van Rymdsdyks "see his very temper on this Aegyptian pebble, which (the portrait, not the pebble) is a composition of the gay, the modest and the grave." From such heights of eloquence it is something of a descent to turn to "a very curious coral, modelled by Nature in the form of a hand or glove; a glass tumbler, incrustated with a limey or stoney substance, and an incrustated or sparry birds' nest, covered with a sparkling spar as if comfited with fine white sugar." Even more instructive is "one of the horns of Mrs. French, a woman from Tenterden, who had a horny substance growing out of the back part of her head; it is said by one of the officers at the British Museum, that some people allowed her a certain sum per year for to make a show of her; but the horn by some accident broke off, which she presented to Sir H. Sloane, who gave her generously four guineas in return." But nothing in this book can match for dignity of ancestry "the brick from the Tower of Babel, of clay mixed with bits of straw, taken out of the foundations of the building, some of whose remains are yet as lofty as the Monument," and presented to the Trustee to whom it was given. Where are these treasures now, and why have the rich traditions clustering around them been allowed to die? Small wonder that with such attractions the waiting list for tickets of admission to the Museum, in the days when it was "shut on Saturdays and at the Christmas and Easter holydays," were once at least five months in arrears, and the applications of April still unsatisfied in August. If popularity is to be the test of success, the resurrection of some of these treasures of the past, and an account of them with the relishing details supplied by the Rymdsdyk notes, would add enormously to the public appreciation of the lectures of the Museum guides, for its writers knew better than the scholars of to-day, What the Public Wants.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### TRADE AND STRIKES.

SIR,—It is evident that the great majority of people are sick and tired to death of the eternal strikes taking place in the Industrial world. What is the cause of it all, and do the working-classes really think they are going to have it all their own way? We are all solicitous for the comfort and welfare of the British workman. I am sure I am, and for many years before the war I wrote numerous letters to various papers (including the SATURDAY REVIEW) advocating moderate Protection in his interest. But now, when he is receiving treble wages and wants to prevent anyone buying anything from elsewhere a little cheaper, it is another matter. There are a few, a very few, of the leaders in the Labour world who do see the ultimate results of the striking policy, but they do not now appear to control the restless spirit of the young men, the young fools, I call them. They must be sure that the greater the cost of manufactured articles, the less will be produced, customers will decrease, and unemployment increase. The bloated capitalist will pack up bag, baggage, and cashbox, and emigrate to a more congenial clime. The railway men have been the greatest sinners, because they thought the nation could not do without them; if after the Armistice they had been content with a moderate increase in wages until the country had got into working order with imports of raw material, machinery, etc., it would have been excusable. As it was, they set a bad example. What about the many thousands who have been adversely affected by the Great War? There was precious little patriotism exhibited, and no consideration for these.

Let us then probe the origin of all this unrest; it has at last been surmised that there is a political motive at the bottom of it. Can Labour govern? After a fashion, yes; but only by terrorism. Let us divide them into sections. First, as I have said, there are a few moderate men with common-sense; next there are a large number who are seldom anxious for a strike, but feel compelled to obey orders from the political

agitators and strike-mongers; then there are those who are striving to "boss the show," entirely, in other words, to rule the country according to their own communistic ideas for the benefit of their own dear selves. I never yet heard of their suggesting any legislation for the good of anyone else. Personally I am not at all ambitious to be ruled by the amalgamated society of dockers and dustmen with presumably the Right Honbles. William Sikes, Richard Turpin, and John Sheppard in the Cabinet. They have proposed "No Conscription," "Nationalisation," "Confiscation," and "Hands off Russia, etc."

The Railway authorities complain that confiscation has begun very extensively. What do they mean by Hands off Russia? They mean that no assistance must be given to the respectable, honest inhabitants of that terrorised country, and they offer the hand of friendship to the worst gang of thieves and assassins that ever disgraced the earth. My chief object in writing to you, Sir, is to point out the plain truth on this subject. I am no pessimist, and I am no novice.

The men who are working the greatest mischief are a section, generally calling themselves British, who are selling their conscience, their character and their country for money. They care nothing whatever for the advancement of the working-classes; their whole and sole object is loot and plunder by means of riots. If you think I am exaggerating, you could confirm the truth by noting the facts of every riot which has taken place during the last three years. I fear I have made this letter too long already; otherwise I should like to tell you more of the money received and paid. It is scandalous. I am afraid we are not pulling together. It is a tug of war.

TRAVELLER.

### THE EX-EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to Mr. Crawford Price's reply, in your issue of April 30th, to my letter on the subject of the Emperor of Austria. I would like to deal, if I may, with one or two of the points he raises.

In the first place, it is easy enough to denounce the Emperor as a "tool of the Hungarian Imperialists," but such a description, unsupported by proof, is not of much value.

Secondly, he argues that the Habsburg monarchy "sought war as a means of escape from impending disintegration and decay." I would ask him to glance back over the history of Austria since 1789. All through the Napoleonic wars, and in spite of her many defeats, Austria alone of the continental powers hurled herself again and again at the armies of the man from whom she might have accepted a safe, if dishonourable, peace, had she so chosen.

Her attitude throughout the nineteenth century towards Italy is perfectly intelligible. She had her Italian possessions to safeguard, and her rule there was endangered by revolutionary conspiracies throughout the peninsula. The measures she took to secure her rule were not unduly harsh, when the methods of the organizations opposed to it are taken into account. It is all very well, in the light of later events, to wave the banner of Nationalism and condemn Austria for her conduct, but should we have acted very differently, had we been put in her place? We are, in effect, very much in her position to-day, and yet the Irish question remains unsolved!

In each of the other two outstanding instances—Schleswig-Holstein and the late war—Austria was the blind dupe of Germany. In either case, her real interest should have dictated an opposite course to that actually taken, whatever the ultimate result. Austria's influence has always lain in the direction of peace and a maintenance of the *status quo*, and her abstention from the Crimean War (for one) undoubtedly saved Europe from the horrors of a general war.

When Mr. Price states that the restoration of the Habsburgs would entail the resurrection of Pan-Germanism, he is again forgetting his history. The



events of the revolution of 1848 demonstrate clearly the fallacy of this view. There could be no sounder bulwark against Pan-Germanism than a strong Austria-Hungary with a farsighted foreign policy.

To plead for the restoration of the Habsburgs on the ground that they have for so long constituted a European landmark is to advance an argument which is at a discount in these days. But the fact that they have held the stage with so much glory and so many great representatives, since the first election of a member of the family to be Emperor in the 13th century, surely adds weight to the demand for deep reflection before consigning the dynasty to the scrap-heap of outworn institutions. The power and the value of tradition still survive the cheap sneers of democracy.

Lastly, may I reiterate my claim that we have at any rate not the least right to deny to independent Hungary the free choice of her future ruler? Unless, indeed, our cry of "Self-Determination" is akin to Talleyrand's watchword of "Legitimism"—an attractive and resounding shibboleth delivered with tongue in cheek.

D. D. A. LOCKHART.

Trinity College, Oxford.

### THE POLISH "PULL."

SIR,—In the remote pre-war days we used to hear a good deal about "peaceful penetration," "scientific expeditions," and what not, under cover of which enterprising states, anxious for a place in the sun, sought to mask their true designs. Occasionally it was convenient to sacrifice a missionary or even an official in order to exact territory in retribution from the offending country. The crude Teuton in his greed frankly ignored a "scrap of paper." The expression has stuck, and much highly moral indignation has been poured over Germany's diminished head since then by her highly moral and virtuous political opponents.

The rulers of the New Poland, that Frankenstein creation of the Great Powers, have evidently taken to heart the lesson of the "scrap of paper." With no more real respect for the sanctity of treaties than the late German Chancellor, they are too cunning to offend the "moral sense" of their Western patrons by imitating his open and direct infringement of treaty provisions. Instead they have hit upon the simple expedient of ordering a subordinate to break the law and then disowning him and the consequence of his acts. The two classic examples of this policy are the Zeligowski occupation of Vilna and now the Korfanty invasion of Silesia. In both these filibustering expeditions the responsibility of the Polish Government is not seriously questioned even by its revered patrons, but so long as Poland's fellow members of the League of Nations confine their disapproval to well-turned phrases, Poland is not greatly perturbed. As Mark Twain used to say, "You talk about the weather, but nothing is done."

The Korfanty affair is the natural sequel to the Zeligowski affair. Poland "got away" with the Zeligowski affair, and is logically justified in believing that she can "get away" with the Korfanty affair. Why? Because she feels none the worse for the feeble verbal rebuke of the League of Nations, which represents the limit of the moral indignation of the Great Powers over the outrage on Lithuania's territorial integrity.

It is true that the British Premier has spoken on the Korfanty affair with refreshing candour, affording some ground for hope that at last Poland has overshot the mark. But if the loss of Allied lives does not move the Supreme Council to tardy action over the Silesian business, what about Zeligowski and Vilna? Seeing that the two cases are virtually on all fours, surely we cannot decently expel Korfanty from Silesia and leave Zeligowski in Vilna. Or are the Allies under a greater moral obligation to see justice done to Germany than to Lithuania?

Unless there is going to be a final liquidation of both these intrigues, we cannot say that equity lies at the basis of Allied recognition of *post-bellum* States.

Otherwise it would not be possible to see little Lithuania still struggling for her elementary rights while her truculent neighbour Poland, despite repeated violations of international law, enjoys all the prestige of *de jure* recognition. *Verb. sap.*

VALENTINE J. O'HARA.

### THE LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM.

SIR,—The historic reputation of the "SATURDAY" for hearing both sides, encourages me to reply to your recent comments upon the London School of Journalism.

The School was started by me a little more than a year ago, in the hope of founding an Institution where those who had a flair for Journalism or Fiction might get instructed in such technique as can be taught by men of experience.

From the beginning it has exercised a close scrutiny of the claims of those who have sought to enter it—refusing a large number of would-be students, and pointing out to those it encouraged, that success in journalism can be ensured by no School; that it is not wholly a matter of good writing, but that personality and a sense of news have very much to do with it.

The School teaches, nominally, by correspondence, but such an admission, perhaps, does less than justice to a system which permits frequent interviews between instructor and pupils, and is verbal whenever words can help the case.

I agree with you, Sir, that few things can be taught by so-called correspondence, and that, in the main, promises of this kind are illusory.

But surely, when we come to journalism, then it is only possible to teach by the instrument of a man's own work. If I lectured to a student for a month, I might teach him less than he would learn by the submission of one article which he was asked to write and to re-write. Indeed, I might adopt Bacon and say, "Writing maketh a writing man."

With regard to the support I have received in an endeavour to found a School—which I hope the Profession itself will ultimately adopt and manage—as the Dramatic Profession has taken over the School of Acting—you are evidently unacquainted with the facts.

At a public luncheon last December, many patrons and supporters of this School heard from me what, I imagine, must have been quite the frankest statement of a private company's business affairs ever put before a meeting.

I, then, told my friends that while several great newspaper proprietors had made generous offers of financial assistance, I thought it wiser to seek that support from someone having no connection with the newspaper. In this difficulty, my friend Mr. W. J. Ennever, who, two years ago was largely interested in Pelmanism—but is so no longer—came to my assistance, and with but one desire—that of doing something for journalism—helped me to found the School.

Not only did Mr. Ennever seek neither publicity nor profit in this matter, but stated very plainly from the beginning that he desired neither. It was evident to him, as it was to me, that if such a school were run as it should be, no question of profit, but a large one of loss, must surely arise.

With regard to the opposition of the Union of Journalists, we had expected that from the beginning. Many who are great believers in trade unionism must deplore this general attitude of hostility to all educational methods which seem to threaten individual interests. The Union of Journalists believes that I am training a number of competent young men to take the places of those who are incompetent, and this, *au fond*, is the basis of its opposition. It does not see that Journalism now employs many thousands of men, and that the annual wastage alone would demand ten times the number of recruits that I could possibly train.

The Union, evidently confusing this school with others which are not so scrupulous, declares my advertisements to be "enticing." I confess that this description of them astonishes me. Nine-tenths of them are the baldest statements of our existence, and

I have frequently been reproached by earnest advertisement experts, who have assured me that the reticence thus displayed is altogether beyond precedence.

This School, Sir, makes no guarantees of any kind, but it does stoutly refuse to admit that the profession of journalism is not most interesting and honourable, and that many young men make, by their pens, incomes which few other occupations could secure.

I started the London School of Journalism, Sir, because, as a young man, I realised what a very great help it would have been to me if I could have secured the advice and help of some experienced writer. Practically there has been no such help to be had in London until the University opened its doors to would-be journalists. But its course, I take it, differs from mine, as it is largely educational, whereas, at this School, it is purely practical, and seeks to send men into Fleet Street equipped with a knowledge of technique which cannot fail to be of great service to them when they enter the office of a newspaper.

MAX PEMBERTON.

#### WAR MEMORIALS.

SIR,—I have just motored through several South and Midland Counties; war memorials, mostly crosses, dotted the way. One was saddened by the succession of dull monuments, depressingly alike. Owing no doubt to the ignorant self-sufficiency of local committees, the stuff that the local monument maker turns out has been generally erected, and shockingly poor stuff it is. Even in the rare case where a competent architect has been employed, the result is disappointing. The fact is, the late war has inspired no great artistry in stone or bronze.

S. C. P.

#### INCOME TAX REPAYMENTS.

SIR,—Now that another Income Tax year has expired (on 5th April, 1921), taxpayers may claim repayment to that date of tax which has been overpaid by way of deduction at source or by direct assessment for the years 1918-19, 1919-20 and 1920-21.

The following constitute some of the chief grounds (subject to conditions) on which claims may be formulated, and should prove helpful in enabling a taxpayer to decide whether he may make such a claim:—

1. Abatement £70 to £120 (to 1919-20) on incomes up to £700.
2. Exemption (to 1919-20) up to £130.
3. Personal allowance in all cases of £135 (single) or £225 (married) for 1920-21; up to the year 1919-20 wife allowance when income not over £800.
4. Relief on earned income.
5. Relief on unearned income to 1919-20.
6. Life assurance premiums.
7. Children allowance, varying in each year.
8. Housekeeper allowance, varying yearly.
9. Dependent relative allowance of £25.
10. Widowed mother's allowance.
11. Reduced rate on first £225 of taxable income (1920-21).
12. Interest on bank overdrafts.
13. Repairs, maintenance, etc., of property.
14. Dominion Income Tax relief.

W. R. FAIRBROTHER,

67-68, Cheapside, E.C.2. Income Tax Specialist.

#### THE DEGRADING PICTURE PRESS.

SIR,—Thanking you for the kind remarks you made concerning my letter of 16th April on Pernicious Picture Plays, I venture to submit a few further observations on the subject.

The nation owes much gratitude to many head masters and head mistresses of public and private boarding schools, who work well and earnestly for the spiritual, physical and mental welfare of their young charges.

The vast majority of the rising generation, however, attend day schools. Here the task of supervising morals and manners become more difficult, as the

teachers, both men and women, have too often little influence over their pupils, save in the class-room or play-ground. When our crazed educationalists realize that the formation of a child's character is quite as important as the cultivation of its mental and physical powers, things may improve. Nero and Lucrezia Borgia were, I understand, well educated by the mental standards of their respective periods. I don't think they contributed much to the world's happiness.

The best and brightest boys and girls are very impressionable for some years after puberty—their sense of beauty is often exceedingly keen—but they are easily deceived when evil is glorified by rainbow-tinted hues, and vice made lovely and noble in their eyes.

For God's sake, let these inexperienced children be shielded from evil, which weakens, and will ultimately ruin, the nation.

Remember that in a very few years these children will be grown up, and those who survive the three D's (Debauchery, Drink, and Drugs) will be voters, increasing in influence and power as the older generations die off. A grim enough prospect for the future of our race.

FRANK CUSHING.

#### THE CASSEL HOSPITAL.

SIR,—With regard to the clumsiness of a certain Lunacy Act, an eminent physician once said:—"The great thing to do is to let the public feel the inconvenience of the Act which they have demanded, and which has been passed in obedience to their demand, and as soon as they have sufficiently felt the inconvenience of this Act, they will demand a public remedy." Did he realise that the chief sufferers entailed would be inarticulate, and their relatives so ashamed of them as to seek anything but publicity for their condition?

At any rate, in the case of functional nervous disorders, for which available facilities have been disgracefully inadequate, the first step has been taken by private munificence.

T. F. BISHOP.

#### THE "WHITE-HEADED" BOY.

SIR,—It may be of interest to note that "white" is used to describe fair or flaxen hair by Drummond of Hawthornden in the third line of 'Beauty's Idea,' one of the pieces in his 'Madrigals and Epigrams':—"White is her hair, her teeth white, white her skin." A modern editor of Drummond boggles at the first statement and prints "hand" for "hair." He was evidently unaware that the poet was translating.

"Alba cutis, nivei dentes, albique capilli."

Drummond's original was a Latin poem enumerating the thirty points which go to make up ideal feminine beauty. The Latin lines, which are quoted by the early sixteenth-century writer Nevizanus in his 'Sylvia Nuptialis,' are themselves a version from the French. The perfect beauty is described as a blonde with dark eyes and eyebrows.

EDWARD BENSLEY.

#### SOME NEW LONDON STATUARY.

SIR,—In *Country Life*, October 19, 1918, and the *Studio*, January 15, 1920, Mr. Mackinnon will find the expert view of Cole's work that he is seeking. Both writers are fully qualified, both are men of standing, and both place Cole in his proper place, in the forefront of his profession.

With reference to Mr. Mackinnon's statement that London cannot know too much of the ideals of art cherished by its County Councillors, may I point out that these groups do not set out to illustrate the County Councillors' ideal of art, but rather to illustrate the Council's work through the ideals of an artist. Whether this difference would be apparent on the publication of photographs in the *Mirror* is for Mr. Mackinnon to say; for myself, I do not pursue art in such channels.

RALPH KNOTT.



## REVIEWS

## A CRICKET VETERAN.

A Few Short Runs. By Lord Harris. Murray. 12s. net.

LORD HARRIS tells us that "the Old Vine at Sevenoaks was left to be a cricket ground for ever by that distinguished nobleman and County cricketer, the third Duke of Dorset." In earlier days, when cricket was the premier game of the country, and mud-died and professional oafs were not paid handsome salaries to kick footballs and each other, the nobility and county families of England played an active part between the wickets. For some years they seem to have taken to other sports. Lord Dalmeny, who once played in the Surrey eleven, is now busy with polo, and the long connection of Lord Hawke with Yorkshire and Lord Harris with Kent is in danger of being forgotten by an incurious and ignorant generation. Among the Eton Ramblers, in cricket overseas as well as his own county of Kent, and in the counsels of the M.C.C., Lord Harris can boast a notable part, and though a good portion of his book has appeared before, it is well to have his good sense, excellent judgment, and reminiscences of great days gathered for us in a single volume. We say "good sense," not because we expect anything else from the author, but because some sad twaddle has been produced of late years by cricketers, and praised as a real contribution to the game. Lord Harris has no fondness for the journalese which dotes on trivial details. He knows that "the play's the thing," as befits one who was trained in the best of schools, Eton under R. A. H. Mitchell. "Mike," the best amateur bat of his age after "W. G.," became in time somewhat of a tyrant, instructing captains *via* long-leg when bowlers should be changed. An intruder who "arrived at the wicket with a glass of water and a message from Lord Harris to take off C. T. Studd," is, however, declared by the author to be mythical. Everyone felt that "Mike" was a tutor who knew his business in all its details, and had an eye for dormant talent. He did not like to see chances missed. Lord Harris writes:—

"I have seen a practically certain victory lost by one hand being put out to a catch which could have been reached with two. 'Two hands,' in a deep bass voice was dinned so often in our ears that we deemed it criminal to extend only one."

The advice is still needed. One hand is more showy, and we saw a brilliant young field who was of this opinion making a fool of himself last year.

At present grounds are very much better than they were, and are as carefully fostered as a sick child. But we are old enough to remember the "shooter," which was often fatal on a fiery Lord's in the sixties; and we have seen excellent batsmen, expecting a holiday of runs with a second-rate team, dismissed by the under-hand bowling which has now gone out. It could be very nasty, as Lord Harris says, though he also hints that the greater the height from which the ball comes, the more apt it is to be fatal. Slow bowling of the type successfully practised by Mr. C. L. Townsend does not seem to be dangerous to-day, and fast bowlers rely on catches in the slips for many of their wickets. The "googlie" is the modern invention which puzzles the best batsmen. "W. G." thought it the most difficult ball he had ever seen. If pace could be added to it, it would work great havoc. Its exponents have a short life and a merry one as cricketers; but it is well that they can ply their art, as smooth pitches and the frequent hundreds that go with them lead too many batsmen to over-estimate their own talents, and despise the great men of old. What would they have done and suffered before the time of "Felix," who invented batting-gloves? Boundaries, though not, Lord Harris says, unknown in the early part of the eighteenth century, are now universal, and several famous grounds supply easy threes and fours without the trouble of running. The encroachment of the public on the field, as in the match *v.* Australia in 1896, is very unfair to

the players. Lord Harris suggests the erection of a fence like that at Old Trafford, and we certainly think that it will be needed to keep the mannerless and ignorant democracy of to-day in order. The Oval is declared to be about as full of stands as it can be. This is, we suppose, due to the existence of a number of meagre houses fronting the ground which have "Ancient Lights" on their side. The Gas Works, too, occupy a commanding position, though we have never seen any enthusiasts on the top of them. Lords was nearly reduced by the attacks of covetous railway promoters, but the guardians of the M.C.C. turned the danger into an advantage. The authority on the game has, we think, been judicious in recognising changes without hurrying them into practice. Cricket, as a whole, is clear from the trickery and base expedients which have degraded professional football. Unfair actions by bowlers which amount to throwing have been resolutely opposed by Lord Harris, and the game owes much to his stand in the matter. Once he refused to captain an England Eleven *v.* Australia and the Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's, if certain bowlers were selected to play; and the importance of his protest is revealed by this comment:—

"Thoms, the leading umpire of the day, said to me, 'We are not going to do anything, the gentlemen must do it'; and Thoms was a resolute umpire and of great position in the cricket world in his day."

Lord Harris has a good record of resolution, both moral and physical. Determined to get a good, but diffident batsman to play for Kent, he searched for him in vain, "till, seeing him driving out of Lord's Cricket Ground one very crowded day, I hung on to the trap until, out of sheer alarm, either for himself or myself, he promised to play." In 1885 for Kent *v.* Surrey, he broke a bone in his right hand, while he was batting, but continued at the wicket, and defied all the bowling for thirty-five minutes, playing with his left hand only. A fine instance of tact was the arrangement made to prevent a Royal Highness from missing a catch in the afternoon with half the county families looking on. Sure enough the catch came, but a devoted player had been set apart to rush in and "bump him enough to enable us, if he does miss it, to throw all the blame on you." This was, indeed, a triumph of subtlety, and may rank with the prowess of the lady who, when a Personage only produced a silver offering, slipped gold over it so quickly that the lapse was not perceived. Reminiscences of the heroes of the past have been rather overdone of late years, but mainly by people who have less right to produce them than Lord Harris. "W. G." has been amply celebrated. His wonderful fielding of his own bowling is the point emphasised here; but we think the time has come to recognise that his character had some of the defects belonging to a big boy. We welcome the general musings and advice on the game with which Lord Harris concludes. He cannot quite reconcile himself to the unorthodox foot-work of Hobbs. But its results are certainly exhilarating. Victor Trumper was a master of this style, and he has a worthy successor in Mr. Macartney, who will break the heart of many a bowler this season. The luck of getting the first innings is felt by many, especially in view of the present method of county scoring, to be more important that it should be; and Lord Harris writes:—

"Years ago I proposed to the Counties that in County cricket the loser of the toss in the first match should have the option of going in first in the return match, but they would not have it; and some of the representatives talked, in my humble opinion, nonsense, if nothing worse, about its presenting temptation to the groundsmen to prepare a wicket so as to hinder the visitors making a long score."

Nonsense, indeed. We hope that Lord Harris will for many a year yet instil in the coming generation the meaning of the phrase "not cricket," and we are glad that his old friend and schoolfellow, John Murray, has persuaded him to face "the benches of the critics." They can learn—the hardest duty of a critic—from a

wise veteran; and the elder of them can still feel the thrill of battles long ago:—

"As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,  
To and fro:—  
O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago!"

#### WARS AND ADVENTURES.

Adventures in Wars of the Republic and Consulate. By A. Moreau de Jonnés. Translated from the edition of 1893 by Brigadier-General A. J. Abdy. John Murray. 18s. net.

**M**OREAU DE JONNÉS, who died at the age of 92 on the eve of the Franco-German War, was chiefly conspicuous as a man of precise observation and prodigious memory, indisputably first among the statisticians of France. "He was statistics personified."

But in these reminiscences of his youth, first published by himself in 1858, and again in 1893, and now translated into English, it is not the eminent statistician who speaks, but the young Breton who shared in the spirit and the adventures of the new Republic. As soldier and sailor (for he was both, as occasion or duty required), he served in France, in Ireland, and the West Indies; and in his ingenuous—or precocious—commentaries on himself, his country, her leaders and her enemies, we may certainly find an interesting picture of what young Frenchmen did and dared during and after the Revolution, even if they do not add much information for students of the Napoleonic era.

The account of the College at Rennes tells amusingly of young barbarians at play: but Moreau de Jonnés saw in it all the "spirit of combativeness" which pervaded every rank of society at that time, and in the midst of it all, discovered his own bent for science under the kindly guidance of a Dominican prior. At thirteen (1791) the boy went to Paris, and, thanks to his height and his black moustache, was immediately pounced upon for service with the National Guard. There he saw Lafayette at his best, "King of Paris," as he was for some two years: yet, when he delivered the Tuileries from troublesome visitors, "the Court execrated him for the services he had rendered, which displayed the power he was capable of wielding."

Next year Jonnés was back at Rennes for a brief space, and in the fighting thereabout he learnt that civil war is the greatest scourge that can afflict a people. He quickly became proficient as a gunner; and he gives his experience (at fourteen years) that it took only 60-80 days to make a youth fresh from college into a competent artilleryman. The levy of 1793—"such is the innate energy in this brave country of France"—at the end of three months manœuvred as well as the Prussians of Frederick the Great; and Jonnés himself, in his own opinion, already possessed the kind of intelligence that makes localities known to geologists and Staff officers!

Next year, in his first sea campaign, he saw some of the horrors of the siege of Toulon, and on 13 Prairial—"the glorious first of June," 1794, he was present on board *Le Jemappes*, 74 guns, at the battle between the French and British fleets. He criticises thus the manœuvre by which the French line was broken: "Common as it is, and though it takes little to make it miscarry, it has constantly succeeded with the English, and its success has gained the reputation of genius for their admirals, brave enough, no doubt, but without especial talent as tacticians and navigators." Yet he allows that the enemy "manœuvred with a superior cleverness that always gave him the advantage of the wind"; and proved his determination in the attack, and his humanity towards the sailors of a sunken ship. But he qualifies the British victory by claiming that it did not intercept the American convoy of corn vessels on its way to the relief of France. Jonnés himself thought that, if the French had attacked the enemy on 28 May, they would have defeated him completely.

The story of many adventures in the West Indies (1795-1805) gives us incidentally a good deal of information about the Carib inhabitants of the islands and the long-drawn-out struggle for supremacy there be-

tween French and English. Jonnés seems always to have won the confidence of his superior officers, and fulfilled important missions with good success. He took part in the expeditions to Ireland, in 1796 and 1798; and he saw something of the Mutiny at the Nore in 1797. The youth of nineteen picks out the strong and weak points in the conduct of the mutiny, advising Parker what to do with all the assurance of an experienced republican.

The summary of his experiences which Jonnés gives in his own preface is almost an *Odyssey* in miniature. Altogether he took part in fifteen expeditions overseas, and crossed the Atlantic ten times; he was five times wounded; he had typhus, and witnessed ten outbreaks of yellow fever; and he was a prisoner of war in England. One comment upon his misfortunes is worth repeating: "In these days of long ago, stigmatized by Europe as an epoch of barbaric manners, never did I fall into trouble or danger without finding some compassionate individual ready to offer me purse, food, or clothing, though he neither knew me, nor was likely to see me again, or even to expose his own life to save mine, the only motive that of doing good. I wish someone could persuade me that it is so now."

The translator has done his work well for the most part, but the proof-corrector has tripped once or twice. "A sumptuous tea with sweatmeats" can scarcely have been acceptable: rum may lead to ruin, but it is odd to say that an American sailor "had found the ruin, and had taken enough to make a ship's company drunk."

#### ART CHATTER.

Art and I. By Lewis Hind. John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.

**I**T is a curious fact that, while the greater number of Art critics have been men of letters rather than men of paint, the only critical literature which has survived on the Arts is that written by artists, while the similar productions of men of letters have almost disappeared. To-day we can hardly read the pictorial portions of Wilde's 'Intentions,' in spite of the fact that much of it was borrowed from Whistler. Tolstoi entangles himself in a mass of literary and ethical arguments which have no real bearing on the subject of painting. Ardent admirers though we are of Lamb, we cannot read with pleasure his essays on art criticism. Indeed, we feel that the intense hate which the public feels for art criticism, and to some extent by reflection for works of genuine art, is partially due to the misguided, but well-meant efforts of the literary man to lead the uninitiated over paths which are, in truth, strange to him also. When the blind leads the blind, it follows that the one who tumbles willy-nilly into the ditch will dislike both the ditch and the leader.

In practice Art should be capable of appreciation by everybody; but when the question arises of making an analysis of the means and the methods by which this appreciation is aroused, the literary man has no advantage over any other member of society, save that he has the power of spinning a web of cunning words about the subject. Only the artist has sometimes the advantage of knowing by what means a certain æsthetic result is produced; and too often the artist's knowledge is eclectic and limited. Too often, indeed, the artist is wordless; what he knows he says in paint. Too often the writer is furnished with words in excess. He spins his sticky web, and poor Art is caught struggling in the middle; while spider Literature sucks the blood out of her, leaving her a thing dried up and horrible to contemplate.

To-day much of this has been altered. The art critics of many of our better weeklies are artists, like Mr. Walter Sickert, Mr. Walter Bayes, Mr. Wyndham Lewis. The director of the National Gallery and others have shown what professional art criticism can do. They have marked an intense difference between the painter's criticism and that of the literary man. The painter writes—when he can write—to instruct the public as best he may; the literary art critic usually writes as if he would instruct the artist. But the artist, as a rule, reads this writing with the same pleasure that



an engineer might feel if his daily journal had put the writer of the woman's page to edit the mechanical section. Indeed, the literary writer seems to feel a delicate feminine element about the art of painting. He treats it with something of the courteous patronage that a strong man gives to his less physically competent partner. If we could psycho-analyse him, we should probably find that this conception had some connection with the fact that so many good artists have painted the female nude, which naturally has in writing and in painting a significance very different.

Mr. Lewis Hind is a literary art critic with a touch of genius. He is a sort of Malvolio of literary art criticism. He either treats the artist with a lofty condescension, or he exudes a molassine adulation. After reading 'Art and I' we had a dream. We dreamt that all the artists, real or imaginary, in these pages came to life and took their revenge upon the author. They drowned him in a butt of treacle. Mr. Hind is an art sensualist in the same way that the young lady who writes the captions for a famous feminine paper dotes on *lingerie*. His genius lies in the fact that he makes literary art criticism more nauseating to the artist than ever it has been before. Here is a sample:—

"Contrast Monet's 'The Church of Verthuil' with Cezanne's 'L'Estaque, a Village near Mar-seilles.' Examine them carefully, and you will understand why the fame of Monet is waning and the fame of Cezanne is waxing. Monet's picture is the blare of a cornet, Cezanne's is the wail of a violin." In the paragraph before this he has said:—

"A picture of Cezanne moves and stimulates with a rugged power that few modern pictures possess." To hear the wail of a violin played with rugged power would be interesting.

Sometimes, indeed, Mr. Hind's own characters are surprisingly frank, and to the critical reader's mind exceeding just in their judgment of the author's wordiness. In one piece Mr. Hind has interrupted a painter while he is at work, and has begun to lecture him on Chinese painting.

"The imperturbable Felix went on painting. Presently he said, 'I happen to be a hundred per cent. American, not a Chinese, and I'm going to paint my picture just in the way I choose.'"

"But you don't mind if I continue the argument?"

"Not in the least. To hear anybody talking while I'm painting rather helps me. I listen to the drone, not to the words."

"I proceeded to interest myself by talking—'Since you will have nothing to do with the Eastern method of painting, which, I may remark, attracts me immensely, we'll discuss the Western method to which you are chained. It seems to me, Felix, that you and your fellows are falling between two stools. You spurn the Eastern convention—lyricism, spontaneity, setting down in a decorative pattern the quick suggestion of something quickly, yet deeply. . . etc. . . etc. . . (ten lines more of print)."

"Come off," said Felix; "you're talking through your hat."

This book is in reality a collection of Art articles written for the *Christian Science Monitor*, and the title is well chosen; only it should be inverted. The figure of Mr. Hind obtrudes itself everywhere; he is a high priest who almost obliterates the altar before which he worships. Also he has hidden the image on the altar beneath the tinsel of phrase, and jewels of admiration which for all their glitter one cannot but feel are of paste set in pinchbeck.

#### THE TRIANGLE UP TO DATE.

The Death of Society. By Romer Wilson. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

**A**MONGST those modern novelists who possess in perfection the pleasing faculty for suggesting to an experienced (and mature) reviewer the misgiving that old fogeydom may be in sight, we should cer-

tainly place the lady who writes under the name of Romer Wilson. Her previous work, 'Martin Schuler,' and the cordial reception awarded it in some quarters were eminently conducive to this impression. Yet here was at least, even for Philistines, some possibility of divining the object which Martin Schuler's biographer might be supposed to have in view—the demonstration, that is, of the fact that artistic genius is compatible with extremely unpleasant moral characteristics. We are wholly at a loss for any similar guiding principle underlying 'The Death of Society.' Roughly speaking, it is simply the squalid old story of the elderly husband, the beautiful wife, and the beautiful wife's admirer. A more novel touch is introduced by the return of both lovers to duty and (*nefas dictu*) respectability after a single day's illicit honeymoon: an essentially modern compromise which Sainte-Beuve we fancy, first originated in fiction. An era of great spiritual and ethical advancement is, we gather, inaugurated by this experience in at least one of the persons concerned. The other, perhaps, stands in no need of such ennobling influences, for she is represented as a kind of mystical figure, summing up in herself the charm and wisdom of 'all ages. These attributes we are obliged to take chiefly on trust, but of one mitigating circumstance concerning the lady we are thoroughly convinced, namely, that she has the misfortune to be married to a bore of the worst, or didactic, variety. The scene is laid in Norway, and there are some telling descriptive passages. The characters discuss Ibsen admiringly, but they are far indeed from attaining to his terrible clearness of vision.

## MUSIC NOTES

**CO-OPERATIVE EFFORT IN MUSICAL ENTERPRISE.**—Signs are not wanting that the musical, like the theatrical, world is beginning to suffer badly from the disastrous conditions that are affecting the country. The plight of opera, its total absence for the first time in living memory from Covent Garden at this season of the year, had been foretold in this column months ago. Concert-giving took longer to show the effects of the abyss of depression into which we have fallen; but the business is succumbing at last. It will not collapse entirely, of course—it never can. But its parlous state is shown by a universal cry of balances on the wrong side, and incidents like that of the recent Melba concert at the Albert Hall, which was only saved from downright failure by a special press effort. There are, again, exceptions like MM. Kreisler and Moiseiwitsch, who appeal to a different section of the public—the musical hero-worshippers who save up their pocket-money or deprive themselves of luxuries to celebrate the return of their favourites. We are not referring to the exceptions, however; it is the main body of concert and recital-givers that has begun to feel the pinch, the professional artists whose friends have grown tired of being asked to buy tickets, and the *débutants* who have only a certain amount of capital to invest for the purpose of launching themselves on a concert career. These people have no public of their own in bad times to rely on for support, and there would probably be more of them cancelling their dates, had they not deposited their fees for expenses a long while in advance. And those expenses were never so heavy as they are to-day.

It is here that we touch upon a difficulty that ought not to be altogether without its remedy. The custom of seeking reputation single-handed in the domain of music is of comparatively recent date. That modern institution, the vocal or instrumental recital, originally started by celebrities who require no assistance to fill a concert-hall, was only imitated by the smaller people

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because of its cheapness and its effectiveness as a means of obtaining facile advertisement and critical notice. When it is no longer cheap and there is a constant danger of being lost in the crowd, the business of giving recitals ceases to be worth while. Hence the suggestion of co-operative action, of recitals or concerts given by more than one person, in order that the cost may be lessened by dividing and sharing it. The idea certainly commands sympathy, though the moment may be a bad one for putting to the test the willingness of genuine music-lovers to support combinations of the kind. Speaking from individual experience, we should prefer to trust for some time longer to the growth of decentralisation, especially in those metropolitan outer areas where the inhabitants possess something like a communal feeling, where they take a pride (if they ever do) in local artistic effort, where they have their own theatres and concert-rooms, and do not need to rush off by train, bus, or tram to central London to see or hear the best. But while this broader movement is developing—and it will doubtless take a considerable period to arrive at maturity—there is a good deal to be said for combinations like the newly formed Guild of Singers and Players. This is practically an artists' union, giving concerts twice or three times a week at Steinway Hall under the more economical conditions rendered possible by combined responsibility and effort, and observing a certain artistic standard of programme and execution. It does not profess to work for *débutants*, but for recognised performers, three of whom at least, and frequently a string quartet of established reputations, form the necessary complement at each concert. The Guild of Singers and Players has been in operation for a fortnight or more, and has done some interesting work, but its ultimate fate has yet to be decided. It remains to be seen whether a "spate" of concerts of this type, running more or less continuously for certain periods of the year, can really create a public of its own, and cover expenses.

**PRE-WHITSUN RECITALS.**—The art of Miss Daisy Kennedy is not unlike that of her talented husband, Mr. Moiseiwitsch, in its union of gentleness and strength, brilliancy and charm, ease and concentration. One notes all these characteristics in her admirable violin playing, which needs only a little more freedom of expression and abandonment of feeling to lift her performances to a still higher plane. An able and thoroughly conscientious executant is Miss Lily West, though her touch is sometimes heavier than occasion demands, even in a big piano work like Schumann's 'Fantasie,' where discretion is always the better part of valour. Another excellent pianist is Miss Margaret Tilly, to whose gifts we have already drawn attention. Her programme last week was carefully arranged and we liked the dignified restraint of her Beethoven playing. But the 'Chant de la Terre' of de Séverac brought us down to earth indeed; what a fall was there! A new American soprano (perhaps, more accurately speaking, a high 'mezzo'), in the person of Miss Rosalie Miller, pleased even more by her intelligence and grace of manner than by actual beauty of voice or completeness of technique. Her breathing precludes a perfectly steady tone and her singing, if expressive, shows but a limited command of colour. Both these deficiencies might easily be corrected, but we are not so sure about her accent, which is American, where it should be English, and approximately English, where it should be Italian or German. The Wolf-Ferrari songs were prettily sung, but why address the audience at length about such trifles when the translation of the words could so easily be printed? Miss Nora Delmarr sings, on the whole, too loudly. Miss Blanche Pyman is at her best when singing softly. Perhaps these two sopranos could arrange to meet and adjust matters.

## FICTION IN BRIEF

**OUT THERE**, by Dick Donovan (Everett, 2s. 6d. net). Messrs. Everett are making the experiment of issuing new stories at a popular price, and they could not make a better choice of an author than such a popular veteran as Dick Donovan. The story is of the adventures of Harold Preston and his false friend Oliver Gordon in the unexplored deserts of Central Australia, in search for gold to build up his ruined fortunes. How he is abandoned and left for dead, rescued and returned to civilisation to find his love married to his enemy, and what comes of it all makes up a first-rate tale of adventure.

**JIMMY LAMBERT**, by T. C. Wignall (Mills & Boon, 8s. 6d. net), is the story of an amateur heavy-weight champion who suddenly finds himself reduced to poverty with a heavy load of debt voluntarily incurred. We follow him through his career of success as a boxer, and of failure as a lover, since his sweetheart has the best of reasons for detesting the very name of pugilism, up to the threshold of his fight for the championship of the world, and its amazing conclusion. It is the best boxing story since 'Cashel Byron's Profession.'

**THE KING OF LAMROCK**, by V. G. Hewson (Philip Allan, 8s. 6d. net). The author of 'Juliet' has made a considerable advance in this romance of a temperament. Rendel Trebetherick is the heir of a line of country squires of ungovernable temper and fiery courage. He quarrels with his despotic father, goes up to London, and makes a career and an enemy, has two love stories, and at last comes to his destined harbour. There are three charming women in the tale, and enough adventure to furnish forth half a dozen modern novels. We recommend it heartily to our readers.

**THE GREAT PEARL SECRET**, by C. N. & A. M. Williamson (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net), is the story of how the happiness of a popular Irish Duke married to an American heiress is jeopardised by the mysterious substitution of imitations for the Claremanagh pearls; their appearance on the neck of the famous Polish dancer, Pavoya; her secret visit to the Duke, and half-a-dozen other

ingeniously contrived worries. The mystery is not cleared up till the Duke himself has been in deadly peril, and the Duchess in little less. It would take a very practised clue-hunter to discover the secret before the authors choose to divulge it.

**BERRY GOES TO MONTE CARLO**, by C. N. & A. M. Williamson (Mills & Boon, 8s. 6d. net), is a collection of short stories, the first of which provides something like a guide to the way to win money at Monte Carlo. At least, the systems are given at length and the guests of Berry, who try them, seem to be successful. The other stories are more serious, but not better. 'The Adventures of José' is the familiar motor-tour, in New England, this time. The stories seem to have been written for the American market.

**EGHOLM AND HIS GOD**, by Johannes Buchholtz (Gyldendal, 8s. 6d. net), translated from the Danish by W. W. Worster, is another of those disconcerting stories of humble northern folk in small towns. Egholm is a member of a tiny sect of dissenters, an inventor of impossible machines, a domestic tyrant, without realising his selfish tyranny, and the story is that of his latest and last failure. It is undeniably well written and important even, but no sensitive person, we think, can read it with pleasure.

**BOURGOYNE OF GOYNE**, by C. C. Thomson (Bale & Danielsson, 6s. net), is one of the new poor, living with his sister Muriel in a Hampshire house he cannot keep up. Melisande de Loigneux is rich and has determined to marry him. Diana and Toby are a young married couple in a studio, friends of Muriel, Patricia and Rupert live near Goyne; Muriel and the reader want her to marry Bourgoyne, but Melisande jockey's him into an engagement. It is a workmanlike story of loyal affection. Patricia is a fine character, and the book gives us hope of good things to come from its author.

**THE TOUR**, by Louis Couperus (Butterworth, 8s. net), is a story of ancient Egypt in the times of Tiberius, being the search of a young Roman noble for a slave-girl who has disappeared. On the whole, we prefer 'Gallus,' in which at any rate the classic terms are correctly used, and the story is about as entertaining. We wish we could see in it the "freshness of idea, power of imagination, and persistent sense of comedy" that the publisher does, but we cannot.

**THE BRONZE VENUS**, by Eden Philpotts (Grant Richards, 8s. net), is a fantasy of an interesting kind. It is like a serious story in which all the situations have been worked out in dreams, so that the solutions are impossible, yet plausible. The rich collector, who hates lawyers and lords, yet is brought to accept one of each as a husband for his daughters, and his butler might have strode through an ordinary novel, but the nightmare adventures of the suitors make the brain reel, and the expedient by which the lawyer blackmails the father into yielding a joyful assent to his marriage will stun the conscience of every bibliographer. Other people, and they are in the majority, may be recommended to buy the book.

The next great sale to be conducted by Messrs. Sotheby extends from May 25 to June 3, comprising 1575 lots, the library of Sir J. A. Brooke. The greater part of it has been collected in recent years, and it includes the four folio Shakespeares, a fine series of incunabula (some printed on vellum) and long sets of works by Erasmus, Sir Thomas More and Milton, with books relating to Mary Queen of Scots, Prince Henry and his brother Charles I, Martin Marprelate, and others. The first day's sale includes one Incunabula of the 60's, 16 of the 70's, 3 of the 80's, and 17 of the 90's. Three manuscripts are of interest, the alphabet of Mary of Burgundy (c. 1460) with fine drawings, an English 14th century devotional collection, and a set of drawings for tapestries at Bruges. There are a number of bindings, one a Grolier, good sets of Browning and Cambridge printing, and a Caxton. It will be interesting to see what the facsimile of the Mazarin Bible fetches, and the volume of Huth broadsides. The second day includes 17 incunabula, one of them from 1460 on vellum, but is chiefly given up to a collection of works relating to Charles I and the Civil War. The third day is chiefly devoted to Erasmus, the collection containing 115 lots. Another interesting item is an Egyptian papyrus dated c. 1200 B.C. An illustrated catalogue with 13 plates may be obtained, price 10s. 6d.

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## SPORT

THE King has promised to race on board his yacht *Britannia* at Southend on July 15th and 16th. On the former day a course will be set in the Thames Estuary, while on the Saturday the race will be from Southend Pier to Harwich, where racing will continue under the flag of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club. In order to ensure the presence of all the large yachts some of the Irish regattas are being ante-dated. Southend Week, a new feature in the yachting programme, promises well. There are some six or seven clubs between Southend and Leigh, and these will combine to make the week a success. There will be racing every day for all classes and sizes, from the 12-foot dinghies to the large craft of *Britannia's* size.

The week's cricket has provided some interesting play, but little indication of fresh talent for Test teams. The compulsory exclusion of Hobbs and Hearne is, of course, very serious, and if Hobbs is again unable to play in the second test—Hearne is unfortunately out of consideration for the season—it may be disastrous. What the Selection Committee have to attempt to do is to find enough good batsmen to reduce the long tail which proved so serious in Australia. Practically all the Australians are capable of big scores, as their first few matches this season have proved. If it is not one, it is another. But as a team they have not so far been quite so successful as might have been expected. Their absence of tail ensures a substantial total in almost any innings, but their bowlers have not proved anything like unplayable. Mr. Mailey, in particular, has so far been only mediocre. No catches have been missed up to the present; and the placing and work of the men in the field is admirable; but, on the other hand, the general standard of English fielding is better this year than usual.

In the absence of fresh talent, or at all events in the lack of time necessary for its discovery, there can be few experiments in the team to be chosen to-morrow. Nine of the eleven are tolerably certain: Messrs. Douglas, Woolley, Hendren, Rhodes and Russell are sure of a place, and Messrs. Howell, Strudwick, and Fry will probably be included, though Parkin may take the place of Howell, and Strudwick may stand down in favour of a younger man. Either G. T. S. Stevens or Jupp (probably both) are certain, and that only leaves one place—or at the most, two—to fill. Mr. Fender may be chosen, or a player such as E. Tyldesley. Mr. Spooner does not seem to have been mentioned, but as he was to have captained the team that went to Australia, surely he should be given a place, especially as batsmen are needed to shorten the tail. With Mr. Spooner, the above team includes eight batsmen capable of making useful scores. Much as we deprecate the choice of a bowler as captain, we suppose Colonel Douglas should be captain in the first match at events, as the experience he gained in Australia will be valuable. There should not be a runaway victory for the visitors, or anything like it.

Leighton's Derby trial gave the greatest satisfaction to his trainer and to those who watched it and knew the weights carried by the four horses concerned. On the other hand the gallop is declared to have been inadequate by critics who were not present, are ignorant of the weights—needless to say the all-important question—and who therefore can have no sound idea of what the affair really meant. But the shrewdest trainers make mistakes in their estimates and in this case Mr. Cottrill may of course have misjudged. Many people not given to betting have a wager on the Derby; if they back Leighton and he is beaten, they can at least console themselves with the reflection that there was an excellent excuse for their action. It is urged

against Leighton that though he won all the races for which he started last year, he never encountered a good horse. That is true. But he could not have done more than he did.

The prestige of the Manton stable is so great that Lord Astor's Craig an Eran maintains the position of favourite. This was strengthened last week by the success of his stable companion, Mr. Joseph Watson's Lemonora in the Newmarket Stakes, which the colt—his name sounds more like that of a filly—won with ease, the Two Thousand Guineas having shown Craig an Eran to be the better. That race, moreover, confirmed the result of home trials. Last week Sir H. Cunliffe-Owen's Eaglehawk ran second to Lemonora and at Hurst Park on Tuesday, Eaglehawk gave a sorry exhibition, which, however, tells against the Newmarket winner the less as he won the Stakes with extreme ease. Meanwhile the Newmarket Derby representative, Sir J. Buchanan's Alan Breck, is regarded with no small confidence by his friends, and Mr. J. B. Joel's Humorist is creeping up in the "market," it being protested that he did not show his true form in the Two Thousand. In spite of all this Leighton has what is called an "upward tendency."

In golf several of the younger professionals seem likely this year to dispute the supremacy of Duncan and Abe Mitchell, which was evident in 1920. At the end of last week in the tournament at Formby some excellent totals were achieved, but not by the best known men. A capital average for four rounds, 296, was reached by the second man, A. G. Havers, and A. G. Hallam got down to 295, one stroke better. Both did 77 in the final round, and so did Robson, but Duncan's 79 was hopeless. Nerves make this round the most difficult of all. Though the players have by then a knowledge of the course and run of the greens, which should be worth two or three strokes, the special effort needed to keep their position, or to atone for earlier disasters is generally too much for them. We noticed a fine 70 and several 71's in the earlier stages, but without looking at the scores felt sure that the final round would not produce any. Braid's 74 was equal to the best, but his early start put him out of the running, like Mitchell's 82.

The defeat of the American Polo team at Hurlingham last Saturday should quieten those who see a conqueror in every American or Australian sportsman visiting this country. With some good hard practice the English four should prove most formidable and quite capable of holding their own. Nor do we fear much for our golfers in the coming matches, and we believe that our cricketers are going to cut a far better figure this summer than they did recently in Australia. Mr. Tilden is likely to be in a class by himself at lawn tennis for a few years, but apart from him, and Mr. Johnston, we have little to fear from America. There has been too much irresponsible talk of late about British decadence in sport. Because, at last, other nations have reached a standard which renders their efforts in competition with this country no longer a foregone conclusion, we see no justification for panic. We can't expect to win everything, nor would it be very interesting if we did.

Whatever may be the truth concerning the influence of sport on the health of women, at all events it must be admitted that women have neither the agility nor the stamina of men. The decision of the French Selection Committee not to include Mdle. Lenglen in their Davis Cup team was the one which all who understood knew they must take. There is at present no likelihood of a woman being chosen as a national representative in any sport played by men. The partnership of M. Decugis and Mdle. Lenglen, which has been arranged in the forthcoming World Championships, will prove formidable, and provide an interesting match against Mr. Tilden and Mrs. Mallory.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK

## ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES.

Authors and I. By C. Lewis Hind. Lane: 10s. 6d. net.  
 Books on the Table. By Edmund Gosse. Heinemann: 8s. 6d. net.  
 Impressions and Comments. By Havelock Ellis. Second Series. Constable: 12s. net.  
 Letters, Essays and Verses. By John Brown. Edinburgh, Elliott.

## NATURAL HISTORY AND TRAVEL.

A Painter in Palestine. By Donald Maxwell. Lane: 6s. 6d. net.  
 Some Birds of the Countryside. By H. J. Massingham. Fisher Unwin: 12s. 6d. net.

## SCIENCE.

Child Psychology. By Vilhelm Rasmussen. Gyldendal: Vol. II, 4s.; Vol. III, 5s. 6d.  
 Logic. Part I. By W. E. Johnson. Cambridge University Press: 16s. net.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Masonic Legends and Traditions. By Dudley Wright. Rider: 5s. net.  
 Pages from the Life of a Pagan. By Mrs. Walter Tibbits. Routledge: 7s. 6d. net.  
 Sea-Power in the Pacific. By Hector C. Bywater. Constable: 18s. net.  
 The God we Believe in. By an Officer of the Grand Fleet. Daniels: 2s. net.  
 The Post Office in India and its Story. By Geoffrey Clarke. Lane: 16s. net.  
 This Simian World. By Clarence Day, Junr. Cape: 5s. net.  
 The Spy. By Upton Sinclair. Werner Laurie: 3s. 6d. net.

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## BOOKS, Etc.

BOOKS RARE AND OUT OF PRINT.—Belloc's Book of Bayeux Tapestry, 1913, 10s. 6d.; Dramatic Works of St. John Hankin with intro. by John Drinkwater, 3 vols., 25s.; Maupassant's Select Works, 8 vols., £2 2s. od.; Debrett's Peerage 1915, as new, 32s., for 5s.; Sir Walter Besant's 'London,' 10 vols., £12 12s. od.; Ruskin's Works, Best Library Edition, 39 vols., £25. Building of Britain and the Empire (Traill's Social England), profusely illus., 6 vols., handsome set, half morocco, £6 6s.; Barrie's Quality Street, Edit. De Luxe, illus. by Hugh Thomson, 30s.; Carmen, illus. by René Bull, Edit. De Luxe, 30s.; Rupert Brooke's John Webster and the Elizabethan Drama, 7s. 6d.; Beardsley Early and Later Works, 2 vols., £2 10s.; Story of the Nations, 655 vols., fine set, £10 10s. Send also for Catalogue, 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. Send a list of books you will exchange for others. BOOKS WANTED: Goré & Blacker's Chinese Porcelain, 2 vols., 1911; Morgan Catalogue of Chinese Porcelain, 1904; £15 each offered. EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

## EDUCATIONAL.

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## TRAVEL.

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## MUSIC.

ÆOLIAN HALL. Miss SYDNEY THOMPSON (Reciter.) and MONDAY NEXT, at 3. GEORGE HARRIS, Jr., (Vocalist.) in "VISTAS OF OLD ROMANCE." Piano-forte - G. O'CONNOR-MORRIS. Steinway Piano Tickets, 12s., 5s. 9d., 3s. IBBS & TILLET, 19, Hanover Square, W.1., Mayfair 4156.

WIGMORE HALL. TUESDAY NEXT, at 3. MARJORIE SOTHAM (Piano-forte.) and the CHAMBER CONCERT. CATTERALL QUARTET. Tickets, 12s., 5s. 9d., 3s. Steinway Piano. IBBS & TILLET, 19, Hanover Square, W.1., Mayfair 4156.

WIGMORE HALL. WEDNESDAY NEXT, at 8.30. HERMAN KLEIN. Lecture on THE ART OF PATTI. Illustrated with Gramophone Records made by the great singer and lent by the Gramophone Company. Tickets, 8s. 6d., 5s. 9d., 3s. IBBS & TILLET, 19, Hanover Square, W.1., Mayfair 4156.

ÆOLIAN HALL. THURSDAY NEXT, at 8.15. MIRSKY. VOCAL RECITAL, Assisted by LENA KONTOROVITCH (Violin). JENNY HYMAN (Piano). Tickets, 12s., 5s. 9d., 3s. Steinway Piano. IBBS & TILLET, 19, Hanover Square, W.1., Mayfair 4156.

WIGMORE HALL. REAPPEARANCE OF VICTOR BUESST. PIANOFORTE RECITAL. FRIDAY NEXT, at 3. Chappell Piano. Tickets, 8s. 6d., 5s. 9d., 3s. IBBS & TILLET, 19, Hanover Square, W.1. Mayfair 4156.

ÆOLIAN HALL. FRIDAY NEXT, at 8.15. SECOND PIANOFORTE RECITAL. DOROTHY GRIFFITHS. Assisted by HERBERT HEYNER. At the Piano - BERKELEY MASON. Steinway Piano. Tickets, 12s., 5s. 9d., and 3s. IBBS & TILLET, 19, Hanover Square, W.1. Mayfair 4156.





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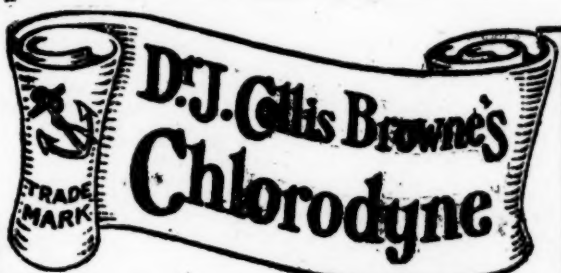
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THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE GRAND CENTRAL (CEYLON) RUBBER ESTATES, LIMITED, was held on the 18th inst. at the offices of the Ceylon Association in London, 6, Laurence Pountney Hill, Cannon Street, Mr. J. G. Wardrop, chairman of the company, presiding, who, in the course of his remarks, said:—Gentlemen,—With the addition of our planted area, we have now 14,588 acres under rubber, of which 13,412 are tappable. We originally budgeted for a crop of 5,485,000 lb. of rubber; the crop actually secured was 5,217,447 lb. The shortfall is due to the fact that in the months of November and December last we restricted the crop by 25 per cent. in accordance with the scheme of the Rubber Growers' Association. We produced this rubber at *rs.* 1.68*d.* per lb. *f.o.b.* Colombo, against 11.67*d.* in 1919. The higher cost of last year's rubber was brought about by two factors, first, the high ruling rate of exchange—our rupee having cost us within a fraction of 2*s.*, against a normal exchange in the neighbourhood of 1*s.* 4*d.*—and secondly, by the fact that, owing to the food scarcity in India and the control by the Indian Government of the export of rice to Ceylon, we had to face a direct loss on the feeding of our labour force in 1920 of no less than £26,558. On the other hand, the price realized for our rubber was the London equivalent of *rs.* 6.12*d.* per lb., which, in view of the slump in the price of our product, is satisfactory.

The result of our year's operations is a net profit of £38,735. We brought forward from last year's accounts, subject to excess profits duty, the sum of £114,101, making an available balance of £152,836. This balance we propose to deal with as follows:—To carry to general reserve account £60,000, to carry to income-tax reserve £20,000, to apply in payment of a dividend of 2½ per cent. for the past year £30,625, and to carry forward to the new account £42,211 (subject to corporation profits tax). Last year nothing was placed to reserve, but a balance of £114,101 was carried forward to make provision for the payment on account of excess profits duty, but as the results of 1920 are so poor, we shall have a claim as a set off against our previous liability. In view of this, the directors consider it no longer necessary to carry forward such a large balance, so they now propose placing £60,000 to the general reserve. This course would have been followed in the previous year had it not been for the liability already referred to. Again, the income-tax as now levied on the three years' average is a heavy drain on a company in the poorer years, and the special provision we have made for this is essential. We think with these two allocations we have placed the company in a strong financial position, but in view of the present critical state of the rubber industry, it is more than ever necessary to conserve our resources.

I now come to the prospects for 1921. Under ordinary conditions we should have budgeted for a crop of 5,700,000 lb. of rubber, but under the scheme for the restriction of output our crop is reduced to 4,245,000 lb. The fact that we have sold forward 1,537,000 lb. of this crop at *rs.* 11*d.* per lb. *ex warehouse*, Colombo, assures a moderate profit for this year's working. Exchange has fallen, and the price of rice is now normal. Expenditure on the estates has been cut down to only what is essential to maintain their capital value, so that a low cost of production for 1921 will be arrived at.

Now, while we may look for an increased consumption of rubber, by reason of its present low price and the prospective revival in trade, this will not dispose of the whole of the very large surplus now existing as between supply and demand; and if we cannot obtain a general adoption of restriction of output by all producing countries, the price of rubber must of necessity remain at such a level that large areas, in countries where the cost of production is high, must very shortly be allowed to lie fallow till the economic condition rights itself. Happily, in Ceylon our cost of production is low. I now beg to move the adoption of the directors' report and accounts for the past year. I shall ask Mr. Forsythe to second it. He has recently returned from his annual inspection of the company's estates, and will be able to give you at first hand the latest information regarding them.

The Managing Director (Mr. W. Forsythe) seconded the resolution, and in the course of his remarks said:—Gentlemen, you have been told that the loss on rice amounted to £26,558, and to this may be added that on exchange. You will observe that our estate working expenses came to £297,432, with exchange at a fraction under 2*s.* Now, if our rupees had cost at the rate of 1*s.* 6*d.*, the estate working costs would have represented a sum of £223,074, so that the combined loss represents over 8 per cent. on the issued capital of the company. The combination of these adverse circumstances, together with the collapse in the price of our produce, is without precedent in the planting industry. The rupee cost of production for 1920 was identical with that of 1919; the higher exchange explains the sterling difference.

The agricultural position is excellent, because for many years we have kept the estates in the highest state of cultivation, whilst our methods of tapping have been conservative, resulting in well-grown vigorous trees, with plentiful reserves of well-matured renewed bark, and our policy has been such that we have never been called upon to restrict nor rest overtapped areas; bark consumption on our estates averages 6in. per annum, which must be considered extremely satisfactory.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

The Chairman next moved: "That a first and final dividend of 2½ per cent., less income-tax, be paid to shareholders registered on the books of the company on May 17, 1921."

Sir Edward Rosling seconded the motion, which was unanimously agreed to.

## THE CITY

THE appeal of the Bankers of the United Kingdom for national economy and freedom from Government control in any form, full as it is of condensed wisdom, is chiefly significant for that which has called it forth. The gravity of the financial, commercial and industrial condition of the country is beyond question. "A hundred years ago," runs the appeal, "in a time of depression following a great war, the merchants of London presented to Parliament a memorable petition against the 'Anti-Commercial Principles' of the restrictive system then in force." With this as a precedent, the great banking institutions of to-day issue a similar protest. The present rate of national expenditure, they point out, threatens to cripple the country's resources and to impair its credit abroad. In their judgment it is more than the commercial community can bear, more than the capacity of the nation can afford, and with proper economy, more than the nation need be asked to sustain. These are undoubtedly the sentiments of the country at large.

A timely reminder is contained in the appeal of the crippling effect of any attempt to restrict the free interchange of goods and commodities, such restriction being bound to react on those imposing it. "The policy of trying to exclude the productions of other countries with the well-meant design of encouraging our own," the bankers urge, "cannot increase the volume of commerce, or the total volume of employment here, but it may well compel the consumers who form the bulk of our population to submit to privations in the quality or quantity of the goods they buy. The advocates of a restrictive system are too apt to lose sight of the elementary fact that nations buy foreign goods, because they need them, not to benefit others, but to benefit themselves, and pay for them by producing goods which the foreigner in his turn requires. We cannot limit imports into this country without limiting our export trade, and striking a grave blow at the world-wide commerce on which this island kingdom principally depends. Trade is exchange. A nation which lives by trading with others cannot prosper unless other nations prosper too." This last truth is one that has fallen into obscurity owing to loss of perspective through dwelling over-much on our own particular problems, without due regard to the great world problems of which ours are but a part.

Conditions in the textile trades do not improve. Here as elsewhere, coal is a big factor, and labour troubles are intermittent. But more disconcerting still is the continued closing of the Eastern markets, due partly to the depreciation of silver, but also, it is feared, to the growing importance of Indian and Japanese textile manufactures. The latter factor admittedly can be easily exaggerated; in the past Lancashire has been able to dispose of such competition without difficulty. But provided the Eastern mills can get the necessary machinery—and shipments from this side have recently been very heavy—it is mainly a question of the efficiency of Asiatic, as against British labour. As to cheapness and soundness there is unfortunately no room for comparison. The bad report of Fine Cotton Spinners, whose profit of £122,800 was less than one-tenth of the total for the previous year, knocked the shares down to 30*s.*; but buyers came along at that level, the changes on the Board apparently making for confidence.

While the Ordinary shares of Iron and Steel Companies are naturally suffering from neglect, there is still a fair demand for fixed charge securities. The moment has been considered opportune to offer £2,000,000 7½% Debentures in Baldwins, Ltd., slightly below par; and judging from the keen demand for underwriting, the issue is expected to go well. The terms are comparatively favourable to the company, which has a satisfactory dividend record extending over a number of years. Dealings recently started in the 8% First Mortgage Debentures of the Sheffield Steel Products Co., and the



price fell immediately to a discount, showing that buyers are very discriminating. The outlook gives little cause for optimism. At the present time Belgian steelmakers are able to supply steel rails in this country at £10 per ton, against an English cost price of about £15. Until these conditions are changed, it is hopeless to talk about a trade revival. Dear coal is, of course, at the root of the trouble, and oil fuel is useless for this particular purpose, so far as science goes at present. When a firm like the Consett Iron Co. closes down its steelworks and mills permanently, it is a sign that cannot be ignored.

A rather absurd gamble has been going on in German Threes, and the most charitable explanation of the rapid rise is that the bears were caught short. Otherwise we must assume that the buyers were deficient in intelligence, for they cheerfully bought bonds on the London Market at 7½ when they could have imported them from Germany at a price which, allowing for the English stamp, would work out at little more than 6½. To put things in another way, they were paying the equivalent of 84½ in Germany, allowing for the stamp, whereas the actual price there was about ten points lower. To justify such a quotation for a 3% bond, when German Fives are obtainable in Berlin around 75 is quite impossible. It can only be described as a wild gamble in a stock devoid of intrinsic merit. Those who talk of an extraordinary rise in the value of the mark ignore the fact that one of the essential conditions of the reparation scheme is that Germany shall issue paper money to the extent of 25% of her exports. This seems bound to keep the mark at a low level, however much German trade may flourish.

In these days of financial depression and industrial stagnation a report such as that just issued by Babcock & Wilcox, the well-known boiler-makers, is more than ordinarily welcome. The net profit of £497,500 creates a fresh high record for the company, and is £44,000 up on what was considered an excellent result for the previous year. Despite the fact that the amount of issued capital ranking for dividend has been increased by some £300,000, the dividend is raised to 16% tax free from the 15% level at which it has stood for five years. The gross profit shows an increase of more than £100,000. Allocations of £150,000 to reserve and £10,000 to the staff pension fund are the same as in past years. The increase in the value of stocks and work in progress from £1,716,500 to £2,467,800 bears witness to the character and extent of operations in hand. The report, however, states that the coal strike has caused a stoppage of work in certain departments, and adds that, at present, new orders are difficult to obtain. In the circumstances the prospects for the current year seem rather problematical.

In striking contrast with the foregoing is the report of Preserve Manufacturers, Ltd., a company formed during the latter part of 1919 with an authorised capital of £500,000 to acquire certain jam and marmalade businesses. The accounts cover a period of 15 months to December 31 last, and show a net loss of approximately £268,000. How heavy must have been the loss during the last few months of the year may be gathered from the statement in the report that "the business of the company made satisfactory progress until August last." The trade slump which then set in appears to have been answerable for a reduction in the sales of the company's products to only one-eighth of the August total. Between August and December the fall in the price of raw materials amounted to 60%, which affected proportionately the sale value of the company's manufactured stocks. It is now proposed to reconstruct the concern on a greatly modified capital basis. To this end it is recommended that 15s. be written off each £1 share and 1s. off each deferred share. By these means the paid up capital will be reduced from £385,000 to £105,000. Apparently the company's business is now looking up again. The sales are reported to have quadrupled since the beginning of the year, and a statement of results for the first 6 months of 1921 is promised in July.

At an informal meeting of the creditors of the Austin Motor Company, Ltd., held recently, there appeared to be a general consensus of opinion that a compulsory winding up of the undertaking would be disastrous, and that any reasonable financial scheme put forward on behalf of the company would be favourably considered by the creditors. Sir Arthur Whinney, the receiver and manager, pointed out that the inability of the company to pay its way was due to the fact that its financial resources had not kept pace with its commercial development. He estimated the value of the assets at approximately £4,500,000 against unsecured creditors to an amount of £1,158,500. An enormous increase in the output of cars, tractors, etc., took place last year, while the turnover for the first 4 months of 1921 is but little less than that for the corresponding period of 1920. Last year 4,319 cars and chassis were turned out against 557 in 1919, while the tractors numbered 2,026 against 160. The profit last year was £217,500. It was suggested that the new scheme might take the form of second debentures issued to creditors to be paid off out of profits during the next five years. This proposal is, however, only tentative and will presumably be the subject of enquiry by a committee appointed to formulate a concrete scheme.

The Anglo Chilean Nitrate and Railway Company has had a very successful year, the net profit being £457,000 against £70,000 in 1919. On the present occasion £25,000 is transferred to renewals, and £150,000 to depreciation and general reserve, leaving, with the balance brought in, a divisible surplus of £435,600. Not only does this admit of an increase in the total dividends for the year from 15% to 25%, free of income tax, but also it leaves a balance of £210,600 to carry forward, comparing with £153,400 a year ago. The figures of railway traffic for the year show increases of approximately 100% in passengers and mileage, while the goods traffic shows a still greater increase. Negotiations for the sale of three of the nitrate grounds for £200,000 have been completed, of which sum £70,000 had been received up to the date of the balance sheet. In response to the expressed wish of shareholders that the £5 shares should be subdivided, an extraordinary general meeting is to be held to give effect to the proposed splitting.

The difficulties of A. Harper Sons & Bean, the capital of which is owned by Harper Bean, Ltd., have been responsible for the delay in issuing the report of the latter for the past year, according to a circular just received. In the case of the former it will be recollected, a receiver was appointed by the debenture holders, and for months past efforts have been directed towards reconstructing the company's finances and averting liquidation. When these negotiations have been completed, and the Board are able to place before the shareholders the company's position in relation to its subsidiary, the annual meeting is to be called. It is expected that the report and accounts will be available within the next two months. Meanwhile, it is interesting to note that the 8% Preference shares of £1 each in Harper Bean are changing hands at something under 3s. 6d.

Recent plantation company reports have been anything but inspiring, and some of the Chairmen's speeches at annual meetings have been refreshingly candid. Although many realize that they are sailing straight for the rocks, each appears to be waiting for the other to shorten sail. All recognise the folly of what is practically unrestricted production, but all seem determined to continue their course until financial exhaustion calls a halt. In some quarters this consummation is regarded as the only hope for the future of the industry. At the annual meeting of the Seaford Rubber Company last week the Chairman expressed the view that only by the elimination of the weak can the industry prosper, and that the sooner this occurs the better. Meanwhile, dividend declarations by rubber-producing companies are becoming every day more rare.

## EAGLE, STAR AND BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF THIS COMPANY was held on May 12, at 32, Moorgate Street, E.C.2, Sir Edward M. Mountain, J.P., chairman and managing director, presiding.

The Chairman said that the progress made, in spite of difficulties consequent upon trade depression, reflected the highest credit on those concerned. The balance of marine account was £785,644, or 66.8 per cent. of the premium income. The reserve for unexpired liability on fire and general account was 40 per cent., and amounted to £901,871. The directors believed that these ratios were more than ample. The dividends absorbed £177,762, or only £2,451 more than the interest (less income-tax) received for the invested funds. This was a very satisfactory position. The directors recommended a dividend at the rate of 30 per cent., free of income-tax, on the ordinary shares, and had decided in future to make the distribution by quarterly interim dividends at the rate of 7½ per cent., free of income-tax.

Last year he stated that a very considerable reduction must be expected in the premium income of the marine department. The premium income for the year was, in fact, £1,175,111, or £328,717 less than in 1919, and £500,796 less than in 1918. They had transferred £100,000 to profit and loss after paying all expenses and making provision for income-tax and excess profits duty. Marine underwriting was particularly difficult to-day, and the outlook was not very good, but they were underwriting very conservatively, and they hoped still to show a satisfactory result. He was of opinion, however, that marine insurance would right itself sooner than he thought last year.

Substantial progress continued in fire and general business. Last year he announced an increase in premium income of £305,447. This year he recorded an increase of £1,039,989, the total being £2,254,677. The loss ratio, 41.3 per cent., compared more than favourably with the majority of the accounts of other offices so far available. In the motor department they, in common with all other offices, had not had a good experience. Now that premiums had been raised on motor insurances they looked forward to better results.

The result of the accident department had again been exceedingly satisfactory; their very important live stock department showed very profitable results; and the same applied to burglary business. It had been found necessary to increase the rates for plate glass and driving accidents.

The life department showed continued and satisfactory progress. In the year they issued over 6,000 policies for more than £3,350,000, showing considerable increase. Note would be made of the steady growth of the life funds and premium income. They had again to deal with depreciation, principally in respect of the English and Scottish Fund in connection with the quinquennial valuation at the end of 1920. This amounted to £168,950. Notwithstanding the heavy burdens of the war and its aftermath, they declared a compound reversionary bonus on all English and Scottish participating policies at the rate of £1 per cent. per annum for the quinquennium. This was very gratifying, particularly as most of the first-class life offices had declared no bonuses as the result of the last quinquennial valuations. At the end of 1921 the first valuation of the British Dominions Life Fund would be made. They guaranteed a reversionary bonus of not less than 30s. per cent. per annum, and they had every expectation that this guarantee would be fully justified.

For the first time they issued a profit and loss account, which showed £376,140 transferred from fire and general account and £100,000 from marine account. Dividends absorbed £177,762; loss on realisation of securities £41,582; transferred to investment reserve £50,000; amount written off acquisition of companies and extraordinary expenses account £100,000; carried forward £106,794. Speaking of his proposal that a syndicate of banks and insurance companies should be established to give credit assurance to assist trade with central Europe, the chairman said he maintained that this plan would be more efficacious than any other scheme at present proposed, and at less cost (if any) to the State, because not only would the Government get the advantage of the huge organisation of the banks and insurance companies for nothing, but also the brains best equipped for dealing with such matters. Unless the syndicate made profit they gave their time and services for nothing and lost the expenses. If they made profit the Government got half.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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